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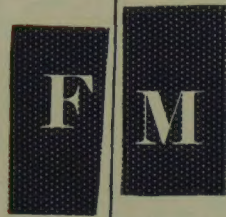
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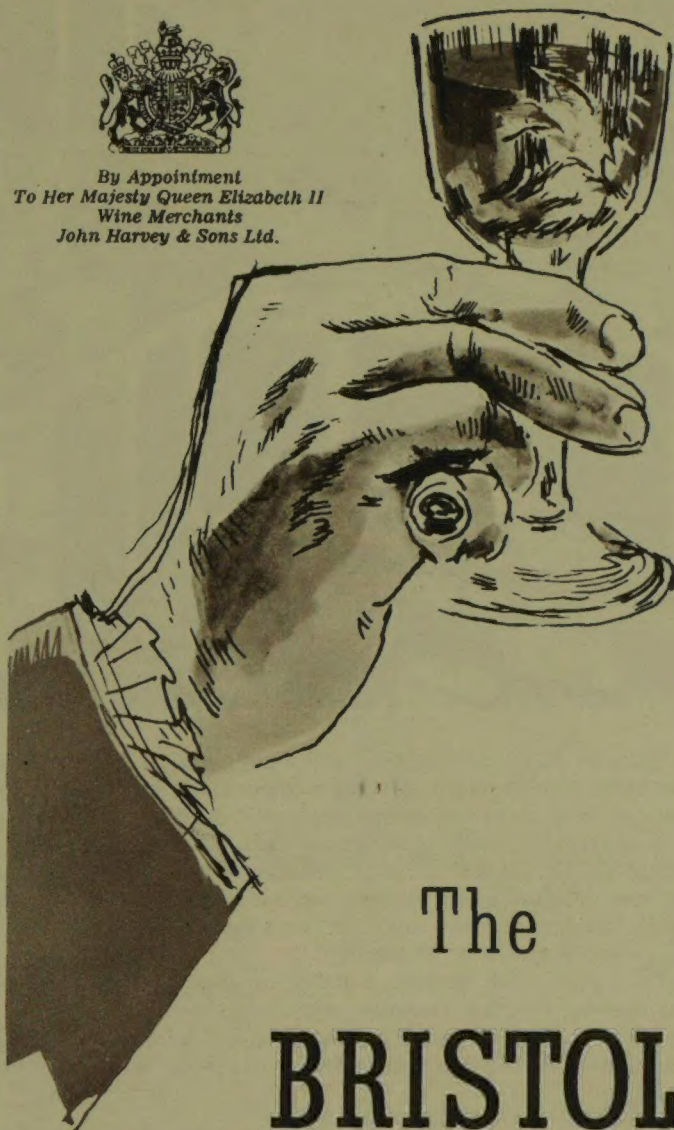
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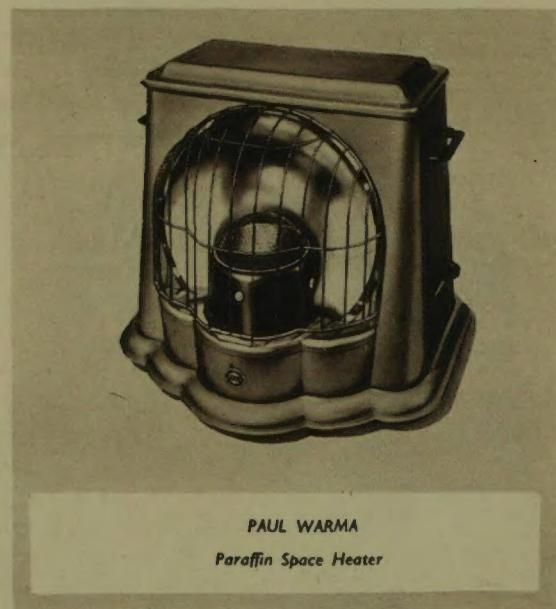
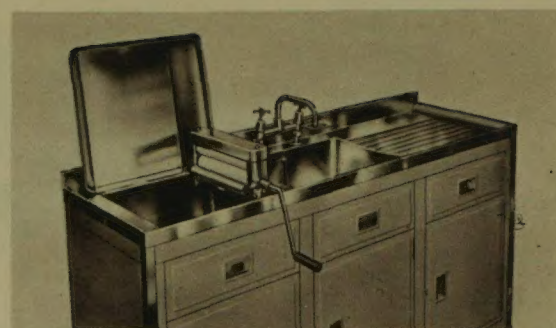


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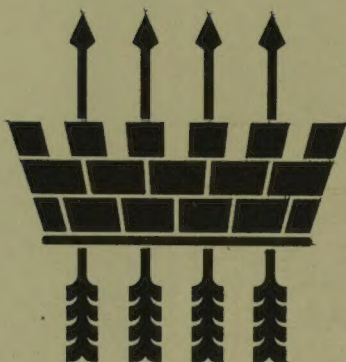
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1957.



THE QUEEN'S REPRESENTATIVE FOR THE GHANA INDEPENDENCE CEREMONIES: THE DUCHESS OF KENT BEING WELCOMED BY THE PRIME MINISTER, DR. NKURMAH, AFTER HIS PRESENTATION BY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL DESIGNATE (RIGHT).

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent arrived at Accra by air on March 3 to represent her Majesty the Queen at the Ghana independence ceremonies, which mark the transformation of the colony of the Gold Coast into the independent Commonwealth State of Ghana on March 6. The Duchess was welcomed at the airport by Sir Charles Arden-Clarke, Governor-General Designate of Ghana, who presented the Prime Minister, Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, to her. Thus the two leading figures in the development of Ghana were there to welcome her Majesty's representative. Despite the great weight of other current political developments, it seems certain that the inauguration of

Ghana will go down in history as one of the outstanding events of 1957. Ghana is the first independent African State to become a member of the British Commonwealth under an African Government. This achievement reflects the tremendous progress made in the territory since it became a British colony in 1901. Millions in other parts of Africa will be eagerly watching the future of Ghana. The new name of "Ghana"—which revives that of the mother state of the Gold Coast over 1000 years ago—will stand in Africa and throughout the British Commonwealth as a symbol of vital political progress. Other photographs appear on page 371.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

LOOKING back on the history of our country and seeking for a common denominator in the beliefs and ideals that have inspired its progress through time, one is driven for an answer to a single word dear to the English heart—justice. The ultimate English—I use the disputed national adjective advisedly—objective has not been liberty or equality or parliamentary government, though all these have been at times part of it, for all of them, in our long experience, have proved, or seemed to prove, at different times an essential prerequisite to justice. Nor has it been law, though the English, a practical race, have from the earliest times tried to equate law to justice and seen it as the only working guarantee that justice will be done. "All our struggles for liberty," wrote Disraeli, "smack of law." He might have gone further, and added that all our struggles for law have pleaded justice for their justification. Our attitude towards the present—and, one hopes by the time these words see print, late—controversy in the United Nations Organisation about the Egyptian-Israelite conflict are a good example of this. No people on earth have been so consistent and enthusiastic in their support of U.N. and its predecessor, the League of Nations, as the English and their Scottish, Welsh and Irish compatriots. Yet, bitterly as the nation

be judged by her present actions." These, he continued, aroused only feelings of admiration for her sacrifices in the cause of international justice and fair play. "She deserved credit for shedding one by one her imperial connections and conferring self-government on countries ruled by her. She also deserved praise for bowing to the United Nations decision on Suez. It was the British sense of international morality, and not the Russian threat of atomic attack, which impelled her to withdraw her troops from Suez." Mr. Suhrawardy thanked Britain for her courageous support of Pakistan over the Kashmir issue. He asked Pakistanis to realise that in supporting this just cause Britain had not hesitated even to jeopardise her position in the Commonwealth. "That is a great sacrifice." He condemned the "attitude of mind" which extolled enemies and ran down friends. "I will not have Britain beaten up on both sides, by India for supporting us and in Pakistan for her past deeds."\*

Naturally Mr. Suhrawardy, like all Pakistanis, sees the Indian attitude and action over Kashmir as a grave injustice towards the people of that beautiful and much-coveted land, most of whom, offered a free choice and relieved from an occupying Indian Army, would almost certainly opt for

#### A PROVINCIAL ORCHESTRA HONOURED BY THE QUEEN.



UNDER ITS CONDUCTOR, MR. JOHN PRITCHARD, AT A RECENT CONCERT: THE ROYAL LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA, WHICH ON FEBRUARY 15 BECAME THE FIRST PROVINCIAL ORCHESTRA TO BE GIVEN THE PREFIX "ROYAL."

On February 15 it was announced that "Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to command that the Liverpool Philharmonic Society and Orchestra shall henceforth be known as the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Society and Orchestra." The honour is the first to be bestowed on a provincial orchestra, and only the Royal Philharmonic has been so honoured before. It is also the first honour to be given in the celebrations for the granting of Liverpool's Charter by King John 750 years ago. Founded in 1840, the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic is the second oldest Concert Society in this country. In 1939 the Society opened its splendid concert hall, replacing the original Philharmonic Hall of 1849, which had been destroyed by fire in 1933. Three regular series of concerts are given, the Tuesday Subscription Series, Saturday Popular Concerts and Industrial Concerts. At present Mr. John Pritchard and Mr. Efreim Kurtz are the conductors, and in September Mr. Pritchard takes up his appointment as musical and artistic director of the Society.

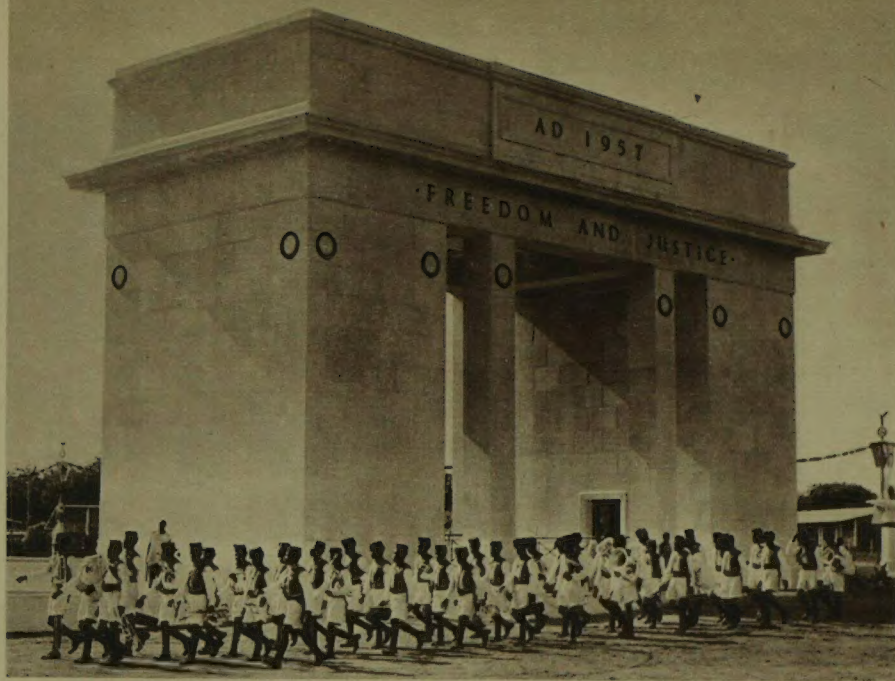
was divided over the Israelite invasion of Egypt last year, it would be hard to-day to find a thinking Englishman of any party or class who is not profoundly critical of the purely legalistic approach to the dispute adopted by the United States Administration in order to preserve a common front in the United Nations Assembly. So far as my own observation goes—and I can only speak of England, and not of Scotland, Wales or Ireland—the ordinary Englishman in the field or street regards the attitude of President Eisenhower and Mr. Secretary Dulles as fundamentally dishonest. For as the Egyptians have long openly proclaimed, and are still loudly proclaiming, their intention of destroying Israel and of subjecting its people presumably to the sword when they are at their mercy and no longer protected by an Israelite army, it seems manifestly unjust for the United Nations, which is under an obligation to respect and safeguard the rights of both nations, to enforce the rule of international law on Israel which, under great provocation, broke it last autumn, when Egypt has been breaking it and defying the United Nations for the past seven years with complete impunity. This being obvious to the average Englishman, the latter supposes it must be equally obvious to the American President and his Secretary of State, who, on any purely English reckoning, by deliberately championing an injustice in the name of international peace, are sinning against the light. For in the last resort, rightly or wrongly, the English have always put what they believe to be justice before peace or power or profit, or any other consideration whatever. They did so in 1793, they did so in 1914, and they did so in 1939. And the world would be a different place to-day had they not.

This deep-seated respect of the English for what they regard as justice is not always understood. It frequently causes them to be attacked by both participants to an international quarrel in which the British nation has become involved and in which it has tried to put forward a solution based, not on equality or nationalism or some other logically pursued obstruction, but on human justice between conflicting and at times apparently irreconcilable views. In recent times, for instance, it has made Great Britain appear simultaneously as the enemy of both the Arabs and the Jews, just as in Cyprus, at the present moment, it might easily come to make us seem the enemy both of the Greeks and the Turks. It is, therefore, to an Englishman both heartening and moving when one of the two participants to a dispute in which Great Britain is indirectly involved—that of the future of Kashmir—has the magnanimity and objectivity to praise her. Speaking at Karachi on February 25 in the Pakistan National Assembly, Mr. Suhrawardy, Prime Minister of Pakistan, replied to critics of Britain by saying, "You cannot build international relations by harping on the past. Britain should

influenced by it more profoundly than Mr. Nehru, who, like so many other rulers and princes of Southern Asia, was educated at Harrow, the school that produced that great exponent of national patriotism and unity, Sir Winston Churchill. To a man like Nehru the unity of the Indian peninsula seems a more important end than either religion or democratic self-determination, which may help to explain what must otherwise seem the illogical and, by his own self-proclaimed standards, morally unsound position he has taken up on this issue. To do him justice there is even a remote—though only a very remote and rather unreal—parallel between his attitude over Kashmir and that of Lincoln over the extension of the South States' time-honoured right to maintain laws of their own that outraged the moral sense of the majority of the American people. So much turns on whether what was formerly British India is to be regarded as a single entity, as Mr. Nehru views it, or as the geographical living space of two completely separate nations. There is much to be said for either of these two views; the problem is to reconcile them. There are only two ways of doing so—one by war, the other by justice. And justice demands a realisation both by those who administer it and accept it that there is a case for both sides.



## THE GOLD COAST BECOMES GHANA: THE BEGINNING OF THE CELEBRATIONS.



SYMBOLISING THE INAUGURATION OF GHANA: THE NEWLY-ERECTED "FREEDOM AND JUSTICE ARCH" WHICH THE DUCHESS OF KENT WAS TO UNVEIL.



AT HER WELCOME BY THE DIGNITARIES OF ACCRA: THE DUCHESS WALKING UNDER THE HUGE STATE UMBRELLA ON HER WAY TO A LIBATION CEREMONY.



SOON AFTER HER ARRIVAL BY AIR ON MARCH 3: THE DUCHESS OF KENT INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR IN ACCRA.



REPRESENTING THE U.S. PRESIDENT DURING THE INDEPENDENCE CEREMONIES: VICE-PRESIDENT NIXON AND HIS WIFE BEING WELCOMED ON ARRIVAL BY MR. CASELY-HAYFORD, MINISTER OF COMMUNICATIONS (LEFT).



GETTING READY FOR THE INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATIONS ON MARCH 6: DECORATIONS GO UP ALONG ONE OF ACCRA'S MAIN ROADS. THE NEW "FREEDOM AND JUSTICE ARCH" IS SEEN IN THE DISTANCE.

Accra, capital of the new State of Ghana, was in a happy mood of expectation when the Duchess of Kent arrived by air on March 3 to begin a six-day visit as the Queen's representative during the independence ceremonies. The Duchess drove the five miles from the airport to the centre of the city in an open car along a route vividly decorated in the red, gold and green colours of Ghana. In the city the municipal council and the chiefs of the Ga State officially welcomed her Royal Highness in a specially-erected arena. Here a libation ceremony was performed, providing a striking contrast in its

traditionalism with the extreme modernity of the setting. The Duchess was to play an important part in the inaugural ceremonies, culminating with her opening of the Parliament of Ghana on March 6, when she was to make the Speech from the Throne. Another arrival in Accra on March 3 was Vice-President Nixon, who was to attend the ceremonies as President Eisenhower's representative. In an address on his arrival he paid a tribute to the part played by Britain in the development of Ghana, and in the achievement of her independence.



A DIVISION GLASS GIVEN TO THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY OF GHANA BY THE COMMONWEALTH PARLIAMENTARY ASSOCIATION.



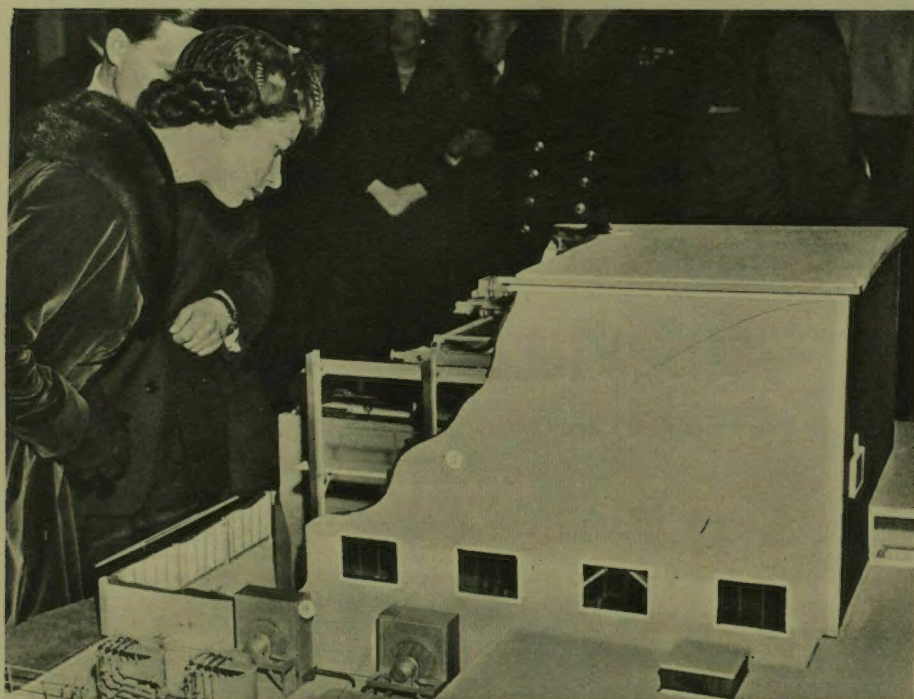
# FROM HOME AND ABROAD: THE QUEEN AT HARWELL; AND OTHER OCCASIONS.



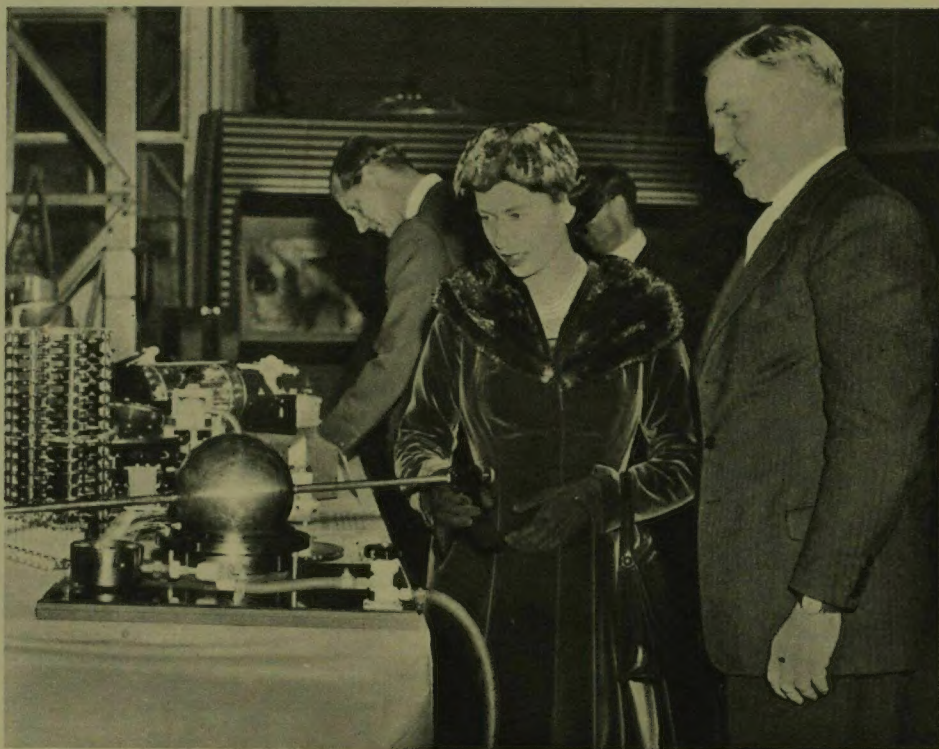
HOME FROM GERMANY: MEN OF THE 2ND BN., SCOTS GUARDS MARCHING FROM VICTORIA STATION TO CHELSEA BARRACKS ON THEIR RETURN FROM A TOUR OF DUTY. THEY WERE MET AT THE STATION BY PIPERS OF THE 1ST BN.



BEFORE THE GOLDEN HIGH ALTAR IN BUCKFAST ABBEY: THE NEW ABBOT BEING CEREMONIOUSLY PRESENTED TO THE BISHOP OF PLYMOUTH (SEATED). On February 25 the Roman Catholic Bishop of Plymouth, the Rt. Rev. Cyril Restieaux, conferred the solemn blessing on the new Abbot of Buckfast, the Rt. Rev. Thomas Placid Hooper, at Buckfast Abbey. The new abbot has succeeded the Rt. Rev. Bruno Fehrenbacher.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO HARWELL: H.M. THE QUEEN LOOKING AT A SITE MODEL OF THE RESEARCH REACTOR LIDO DURING HER FIVE-HOUR VISIT. On March 1 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell, Berkshire, where they saw some of the work which is being done there. The Royal visitors lunched with members of the Atomic Energy Authority.



AT HARWELL: THE QUEEN MANIPULATING A REMOTE HANDLING DEVICE USED FOR DEALING WITH DANGEROUS METALS. WITH HER MAJESTY IS MR. P. BOWLES, HEAD OF THE ENGINEERING DIVISION.



AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, DAR-ES-SALAAM: HIS HIGHNESS THE KABAKA OF UGANDA GREETING SIR FREDERICK CRAWFORD, UGANDA'S NEW GOVERNOR. Sir Frederick Crawford was sworn-in as Governor of Uganda at a ceremony held on February 26 in Kampala. Sir Frederick met His Highness the Kabaka of Buganda at a lunch party in Dar-es-Salaam when the Kabaka was on his way to a hunting trip and Sir Frederick was *en route* to Uganda.



ON ST. DAVID'S DAY: LIEUT.-QUARTER-MASTER A. REES PINNING A LEEK ON THE QUEEN MOTHER'S COAT LAPEL. On March 1, St. David's Day, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother presented leeks to the Welsh Guards on parade at Chelsea Barracks. Before the parade the Queen Mother attended a special service in the Military Chapel for the past and present officers of the regiment and their families.





LONDON WELCOMES HOME THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: PRINCE PHILIP ACKNOWLEDGING CHEERS FROM THE BALCONY OF THE MANSION HOUSE.



THE LUNCHEON AT THE MANSION HOUSE: WITH PRINCE PHILIP ARE (LEFT TO RIGHT) THE LORD CHANCELLOR, THE PRIME MINISTER, THE LORD MAYOR AND THE LADY MAYORESS, THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, AND LORD SALISBURY.

#### THE CITY OF LONDON'S WARM WELCOME FOR THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AFTER HIS COMMONWEALTH TOUR.

A warm welcome following his Commonwealth tour was given to the Duke of Edinburgh when he was entertained to luncheon at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor and the Corporation on February 26. Replying to a toast, the Duke of Edinburgh said he believed the British Commonwealth was something for which it was worth while making personal sacrifice. By travelling in the Royal yacht he had been enabled to visit many of the more remote communities of the Commonwealth. Following his brief visits to

Kenya, the Seychelles, Ceylon and Malaya, he was forcibly reminded of the unifying power of the Crown and of the relative smoothness of political progress possible within the Commonwealth system. Since his departure in October he had travelled some 40,000 miles. On February 22 it had been announced that the Queen, acting on a proposal made by the Prime Minister, had granted the Duke of Edinburgh the style and dignity of a Prince as an appreciation of the Duke's devotion to the public interest.



THE topics most often discussed on this page are those brought up by recent news of international politics and problems: the search for solutions, the conflicts which defer them or, at best, leave them unbraced and incomplete. These matters are examined in practical terms. The justification for this course is obvious, since they are concrete and palpable subjects which affect us all materially. Yet behind these clearly-shaped events lies a layer of ideas which profoundly influence them. These are not always clear in themselves and their connection with the events may be even less so. To-day I propose to examine one of these ideas, though in the light of the news which has brought it into the foreground.

On February 22 an important event in the eternal discussion about Cyprus took place in the United Nations. After a long debate the Political Committee of the General Assembly adopted unanimously a resolution moved by India and decided not to vote on the controversial resolutions before it. The Indian resolution proposed that the General Assembly should express "the earnest desire that a peaceful, democratic and just solution will be found in accord with the principles and purposes of the Charter of the United Nations, and the hope that negotiations will be resumed and continued to this end." I have not time to await the General Assembly's reaction, but it is confidently expected that it will follow the line laid down by the Political Committee.

The mover of the resolution, Mr. Menon, said that the question was one of Cypriot nationalism. He expressed the hope that the people of Cyprus would seek independence, not union with Greece. Because, he said, many Cypriots spoke Greek, it did not follow that they were Greek. Nor did racial affinity involve the assumption that the two peoples ought to be one. "In my opinion," he said, "the objective should be the island's independence."

He expressed the hope that within a very short time Cyprus would become a member of the United Nations. Similar advice was earlier tendered to the Cypriots from Ceylon. We might in the conceivable future see it offered to Scotland, Wales and Brittany, though perhaps not to Kashmir.

It may be said that this was advice only. If the people of Cyprus are determined to decide their own destinies they will succeed in the long run. That much is now generally admitted on all hands. One of their options would then presumably be that of setting up as an independent sovereign State. The two Greek Governments which have held office since the problem of Cyprus became acute have both repeatedly professed their support for self-determination as a goal in itself, the decision about how it should be exercised being a matter for Cyprus. Mr. Menon did not expressly deny the right of Cyprus to unite with Greece. He did give the impression that he saw something shady and humiliating

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### PITFALLS OF NATIONALISM.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

in the union of two peoples, even when "racial affinity" existed between them, and something fine in creating yet further nationalism by fissure.

Surely this is sheer infatuation with an idea, a bee in the bonnet. The merits of nationhood are not in dispute. It has made great contributions to civilisation and to culture. On the other hand, nationalism pure and simple has become one of the perils of civilisation. And the splitting up of communities naturally akin would be particularly perilous for the free world, because the Communist world, far from permitting the emancipation of small units even when they are racial entities, never ceases to weaken the power of nationalism within them. It clings, as we have

Neither in the case of Cyprus nor in that of any other community ripe for self-government and self-determination can the right to go its own way be justly resisted, even where it cannot be accorded on the spur of the moment. This is another of the ideas behind international relations, and one to which at least lip-service has been

almost universally accorded. Encouragement to disregard racial affinity and language and to create another petty nation in order to satisfy the ideology of Mr. Menon is another matter. And Mr. Menon may be presumed to be giving voice to the theories of Mr. Nehru, a far more powerful influence. No bee can buzz in his bonnet without being heard from China to Peru.

Nationalism to-day is, in all conscience, strident and grasping enough without being egged on to demand more by statesmen whose propaganda is due, in the main, to an unnecessary inferiority complex as "ex-colonials." They may actually be undermining the democratic principles which they profess to support. Some of the new States which have sprung up, guided by their own scholarly intellectuals, started off with a flourish of trumpets by creating imitations of advanced parliamentary democracies. What they could not create was the respect for discipline, the tolerance, and the patience on which, in the last resort, these institutions must depend. In the end they have returned to autocratic forms of government, sometimes keeping up a screen of sham democracy in front of it, sometimes not troubling to do so.

I began life with a burning spirit of nationalism because I was brought up in a community which felt that it was threatened and must struggle for very existence. It was given to strong words. Yet it seems to me fair to say that this nationalism was not of an anti-social kind. We in Ulster were not seeking *enosis* but trying to cling on to it. We did not, assuredly, desire to be an independent State,

and the prospect of becoming an independent member of the United Nations, so alluring in the eyes of Mr. Menon, would have left us cold if we could have foreseen the creation of that organisation. If ever there were "colonials," we deserve the title, since we were a genuine colony planted by the King and his Viceroy. We were not ashamed of the fact.

The longer I live, the more convinced I become that all other remedies for the maladies and dangers of the world can be no more than stop-gaps unless nationalism is softened and civilised. I do not take the view of the late H. G. Wells that it has fulfilled such mission as it has ever had and should be, if possible, abolished. Anyhow, it is absurd to contemplate any such possibility. I do take the view that its uglier forms and more perilous tendencies should be curbed at every opportunity. And I do not consider that Mr. Menon did good service to Cyprus, or to anyone else, in introducing his irrelevant proposal into his resolution in the Political Committee.



AT LANCASTER HOUSE, LONDON: THE OPENING OF THE MINISTERIAL COUNCIL MEETING OF THE FOREIGN MINISTERS OF THE WESTERN EUROPEAN UNION POWERS ON FEBRUARY 26.

The Foreign Ministers of the seven Western European Union countries—Britain, France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, The Netherlands and Luxembourg—met in London on February 26 and discussed the British proposals for the future deployment of British forces on the Continent. After the British Foreign Secretary, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, had explained the reasons which had led her Majesty's Government to put forward these proposals the other Ministers raised a number of points concerning the impact of the proposals on the Western alliance, both politically and militarily. It was agreed that examination of the British proposals should be concluded at a further meeting of the Western European Council. This photograph, taken at the opening of the meeting, shows the British Foreign Secretary, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, who was chairman, sitting in the centre of the table facing the camera (right).

seen, to its power over nations with which its supreme empires—themselves acquired by force of arms and often held in subjection by the threat of further force—have no racial kinship. Such is the spectacle presented by Soviet Russia and Red China.

The proliferation of petty nations may not be a danger on this scale because their threat to peace is not comparable to that of the great nations which hold down their own minorities with an iron hand and control other peoples only a degree less completely. It does, however, create confusion. It splits up loyalties and creates new spheres of selfishness. It runs counter to that sense of the common interests of mankind which would otherwise provide the brightest prospect for the world. Is it an exaggeration to suggest that this tendency is exemplified by, or bears comparison with, the attitude of colleges of a great university which regard the traffic problem of their city in terms of their own geographical position within its boundaries?



# A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—I.



**CYPRUS.** THREE OF THE FOUR TERRORISTS CAPTURED IN THE ENGAGEMENT IN WHICH AFXENTIOU, DEPUTY TO THE LEADER GRIVAS, WAS KILLED IN THE TROODOS MOUNTAINS. During a military search in the Troodos Mountains, information was received that terrorists were hiding in a cave. When challenged, four ran out and gave themselves up, the fifth, Afxentiou, believed to be the EOKA second-in-command, refusing to surrender and being killed in the cave.



**CYPRUS.** THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE IN WHICH AFXENTIOU WAS KILLED AFTER AN EXPLOSIVE CHARGE HAD BEEN LOWERED DOWN THE CLIFF TO EXPLODE IN THE CAVE ENTRANCE. FOUR OTHER TERRORISTS WERE CAPTURED.



**MADRID, SPAIN.** GENERAL FRANCO (CENTRE) WITH HIS NEW GOVERNMENT, IN WHICH A NUMBER OF CHANGES ARE INCLUDED "TO MEET MODERN NEEDS." In General Franco's new Cabinet, announced on February 25, there are twelve newcomers and the intention is to achieve greater economic efficiency. A new post, President of the Council of National Economy, is held by a leading Barcelona economist, Señor Gual Villalbi (extreme right).



**DELHI, INDIA.** IN THE EARLY STAGES OF THE INDIAN GENERAL ELECTION: MR. NEHRU, PHOTOGRAPHED AT A HUGE MASS MEETING NEAR DELHI. India's second General Election was spread over a number of days and it was expected to be some time before the complete results were known. In the results known by March 3, the Congress Party (Mr. Nehru's) was doing extremely well.



**EGYPT.** AT THEIR RECENT CONFERENCE IN CAIRO: (L. TO R.) KING SAUD OF SAUDI ARABIA, PRESIDENT KUWATLY OF SYRIA, PRESIDENT NASSER AND KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN. The "Arab big four"—seen here at the Kubbeh Palace in Cairo—held the first meeting of their three-day conference on February 25. A statement issued at the conclusion of the conference spoke of the Arab leaders' agreement on six points.



**WASHINGTON, D.C., U.S.A.** AFTER THREE DAYS OF PRIVATE TALKS: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER (RIGHT) BIDS FAREWELL TO M. MOLLET, THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER, AT THE WHITE HOUSE. M. Mollet, the French Prime Minister, arrived in New York on February 25, and flew to Washington for his meeting with President Eisenhower on the following day. The statement issued at the close of the meetings spoke of the traditional ties between the two countries.



## A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—II.



**SWITZERLAND.** FOR SHOOTING DOWN AVALANCHES: A PLASTIC-BODIED ROCKET INVENTED BY A SWISS N.C.O. WITH ITS ACCESSORIES IT WEIGHS ONLY 10 LB.

For the controlled "shooting down" of avalanches, the Swiss authorities have hitherto used mortars. We show here a new device, a lightweight rocket, which can penetrate soft snow to the depth of 8 ft. before exploding and releasing the avalanche.



**TENNESSEE, U.S.A.** A "HOLE IN THE SKY": AN UNUSUAL CLOUD EFFECT PHOTOGRAPHED OVER KNOXVILLE AND BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN PRODUCED BY A DECK OF CIRRUS CLOUD DROPPING THROUGH A LAYER OF ALTO-CUMULUS CLOUD.



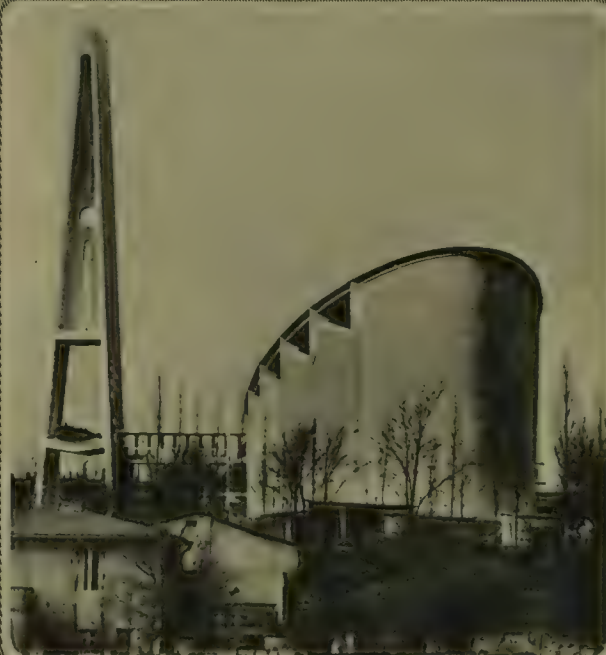
**COLORADO, U.S.A.** "YES" AND "SNOCAT": MESSAGES TRODDEN BY FOOT INTO THE SNOW BY A CRASHED HELICOPTER PILOT.

These words were trodden into the snow by the pilot of a helicopter forced down in mountain country in Colorado; and were the answers to the questions as to whether his aircraft was disabled and what help would be needed, the "snocat" being a tracked vehicle designed for travelling in snow.



**VIRGINIA, U.S.A.** *SUSAN CONSTANT II* SAILS OUT OF PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA, ON FEBRUARY 23.

In our issue of January 5 we recorded the naming of three ships, *Susan Constant II*, *Godspeed II* and *Discovery II*, the replicas of the ships in which the first permanent English settlers in the New World sailed to Jamestown in 1606. The replicas are to take part in the Jamestown Festival in April.



**HAMBURG, WEST GERMANY.** THE LATEST OF MODERN GERMAN CHURCHES: THE NEW HOLY TRINITY CHURCH IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF HAMBURG.

This church, designed by Reinhold Riemerschmidt, of Munich, is now nearing completion. The tower is 135 ft. high. A not-dissimilar church at Munich, but by another architect, was illustrated in our issue of December 10, 1955, and earned the local nickname of *bade-wanne* (bath-tub) in light-hearted reference to its shape.



**SINAI, EGYPT.** LITTERED WITH THE DEBRIS OF THE EGYPTIAN FLIGHT: A SHORE OF THE GULF OF AKABA, DESERTED BUT STILL THE SUBJECT OF HEADLINES IN THE WORLD'S PRESS.



**NEW JERSEY, U.S.A.** WITH THE LIFT SHAFT SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE INFERNO OF FLAMES: THE BURNING OF THE FIVE-STOREY COLUMBIA HOTEL AT ASBURY PARK.



## A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—III.



**SOUTH KOREA.** A HELICOPTER (RIGHT) RESCUING CASUALTIES FROM A U.S. GLOBEMASTER WHICH HAD CRASHED AFTER LEAVING SEOUL WITH 158 AMERICANS ABOARD. On February 22 a *Globemaster* of the U.S.A.F., carrying 158 Americans on leave from Korea to Tokyo, crashed immediately after take-off and fell into the edge of the Han River, near Seoul. Between twenty and twenty-five persons were missing and were not expected to have survived.



**HONG KONG.** A CHANGE OF MIND: SAMUEL HAWKINS (CENTRE)—ONE OF THE AMERICAN P.O.W. WHO HAD OPTED TO STAY IN CHINA—CROSSES INTO HONG KONG AND THE WEST. Samuel David Hawkins, the youngest of the twenty-one American prisoners of war who chose to stay in Communist China at the end of the Korean war, crossed into Hong Kong on February 27. He is the seventh of the Americans to change his mind.



**SWITZERLAND.** TRANSFORMED BY THE HEAVY RAINS: THE LITTLE RIVER FOSSAUX THUNDERING THROUGH VOUVRY, THREATENING HOUSES IN THE VILLAGE. THE RIVER CHANGED ITS COURSE. At the end of February heavy rain and a sudden thaw caused serious floods, landslides and avalanches throughout Switzerland. In the canton of Valais an avalanche fell on a hamlet near Nendaz, destroying houses, barns and a farmhouse and killing two men and injuring three others. Soldiers helped to clear the wreckage.



**SWITZERLAND.** AT A HAMLET NEAR NENDAZ: THE SCENE AFTER AN AVALANCHE HAD DESTROYED BUILDINGS AND KILLED TWO MEN.



**INDIA.** SOME OF THE EARLIEST VOTERS IN INDIA'S SECOND GENERAL ELECTION. THE BALLOT-BOX IS FOR DEMONSTRATION PURPOSES, THE ACTUAL VOTING BEING DONE IN CUBICLES. India's second General Election opened on February 24 and will continue throughout the country until March 14, in order to give an electorate of 193,000,000 the opportunity to elect 494 members for the Lower House and 2996 members of State legislatures.



**INDIA.** A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AGAINST PLURAL VOTING: AN ELECTION OFFICIAL PAINTS THE HANDS OF THOSE ELECTORS WHO HAVE CAST THEIR VOTE.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



ONE sunny morning during the first fortnight of this month (February), I had a strong feeling in my bones that if I went to a certain little bank of rough grass sloping to the south-west in my garden I should find celandines in flower. I went to the spot, and sure enough there they were, several dozen blossoms of glistening polished gold, spread wide open to enjoy the unwonted early warmth.



"IT HAS MUCH THE HABIT AND GENERAL APPEARANCE OF *SCILLA SIBIRICA*, BUT IS RATHER LARGER, MORE ROBUST IN HABIT, AND HAS FLOWERS OF PALEST, DELICATE AQUAMARINE LINED WITH DEEPER BLUE": *SCILLA TUBERGENIANA*.

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

I gathered a few, and also a few snowdrops growing in the ideal, the perfect setting for snowdrops—a carpet of the small-leaved ivy under ancient hazel bushes. The two together, the celandines and the snowdrops, in a very small vase, were as welcome in their own way as were hyacinths grown in a pot on a window-sill, and a richly-colourful cineraria which I had brought home from a nearby nursery garden. These stray days of warm sunshine which crop up during the bitter dreys of late winter weather always come—to me, at any rate—as a welcome interim dividend, a pleasant surprise, in spite of my having known such happenings all my life. The snowdrops, the aconites and the celandines, moreover, coming when they do, are just a plain miracle—a miracle being a thing which could not possibly happen—but which has.

The snowdrops in my garden are mostly the common single, *Galanthus nivalis*, with a few clumps of the common double, and it is not a case of sour grapes when I say that I like these two as well as all the innumerable-choice species and varieties which give so much genuine pleasure to Galanthus fans and experts. There is one snowdrop, however, *Galanthus allenii*, which I meet occasionally and which I really do admire greatly, but which I have never gone out of my way to acquire, and which its owners have never gone out of their way to press upon me. Perhaps it has been that I have never had the courage, the nerve, to make hints, openings or suggestions. To my untutored eye *Galanthus allenii* is a rather larger, stouter version of the common snowdrop, slightly taller, and fuller in the face, without having lost the charm of

## HARBINGERS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

perfect form and proportion. Some of the really big snowdrops seem to me to have lost a great deal of the charm of the humbler, common type. The part of the Cotswolds in which I live seems to be ideal snowdrop country. There are gardens and woody outskirts of gardens where both snowdrops and winter aconites, *Eranthis hyemalis*, have become naturalised, and grow and multiply by the million in vast sheets of white or gold.

The common *Eranthis hyemalis* is the aconite most often seen in gardens, and listed in catalogues, but there appear to be some half-dozen other species and one hybrid. I have grown *Eranthis cilicica* in the past, and remember it as a refined version of *E. hyemalis*, with slightly larger flowers sitting upon the familiar green Toby frill made up of narrower, more elegant green segments. But the finest of all winter aconites is the hybrid, *Eranthis tubergeniana*, a cross between *E. cilicica* and *E. hyemalis*. It is a finer, bolder thing than either of its parents, with larger, fuller-petalled golden blossoms and longer stems, which make them more valuable for picking for the house. My first root, or cluster of tubers, of this fine hybrid aconite came to me in the soil about the roots of a shrub which I bought, and so impressed was

I with its superiority that I have since bought more of it. One great advantage of the winter aconites is that, having burst upon one quite suddenly and made a brave show of blossom at a time when flowers in the open are at their lowest ebb, they set their crop of seeds and then lose no time in disappearing.

Another most valuable and beautiful bulbous plant honouring the name Tubergen with a show of blossom just now is *Scilla tubergeniana*. Related to *Scilla sibirica*, and a native of north-west Persia, it has much the habit and general appearance of *S. sibirica*, but is rather larger, more robust in habit, and has flowers of palest, delicate aquamarine lined with deeper blue. The effect is enchanting. I have known this lovely *Scilla* for some years—it was introduced in 1931—meeting it at the R.H.S. spring shows, and in bulb catalogues, but it was not until I met it recently, flowering in a manavlin bed in company with dwarf bulbous irises, crocus species, and hardy cyclamen that I really fell for it and took appropriate steps.

For several years a colony of the little hardy cyclamen, *C. coum*, has given a sparkling display of its tubby little flowers of almost ruby-red in a semi-wild patch of rather mossy ground in my garden. This season not a solitary blossom has appeared. But I think I have discovered the cause. Stinging nettles have encroached faster than I could have believed and discouraged the cyclamen, so now I am faced with the task of discouraging the nettles, and clearly the Borgia technique is ruled out. It will have to be hand-to-hand combat with a hand-fork.

In the spring of 1914 I remember seeing a most effective patch of colour contrast in Sir Frederick Stern's chalky garden at Goring-by-Sea. At the edge of a little patch of coppice there was a colony of blue primroses. Not really true blue, of course, but varying tones and shades of paler and darker violet-blue with the ruby-crimson *Cyclamen coum* all around and amongst them. Odd how such flower-pictures—some of them—stick in one's memory, clearly, vividly and almost indefinitely.

I wrote a year or so ago about that seldom-seen shrub, *Stachyurus præcox*. My specimen has reached a height of about 8 ft., and every twig is behung with pendant racemes,

looking like catkins, but unlike the lamb's-tail catkins of the hazel, they are slightly curved, quite rigid, and dark in colour. A week or two ago I gathered some small branches and arranged them in a vase. With a white-wall background, they were extraordinarily decoresque, so dark in colour as to appear almost black, and after about a fortnight in the warmth of a living-room the pendant racemes began to open their buds until what had looked like dark, slender catkins became strings of waxy little bell-flowers in pale greenish-yellow. And now, to-day, February 18, I see that the first blossom has opened on the parent *Stachyurus* in the open. During the growing season this shrub is not particularly interesting. But in winter its sprays of dark twigs with their innumerable racemes, rigid, pendant and mostly slightly curved or twisted, have great charm, especially for bringing into the house, and for anyone who appreciates line and form without the necessity of either leaf or flower.



"WHAT HAD LOOKED LIKE DARK, SLENDER CATKINS BECAME STRINGS OF WAXY LITTLE BELL-FLOWERS IN PALE GREENISH-YELLOW": A FLOWERING SPRAY OF *STACHYURUS PRÆCOX*.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

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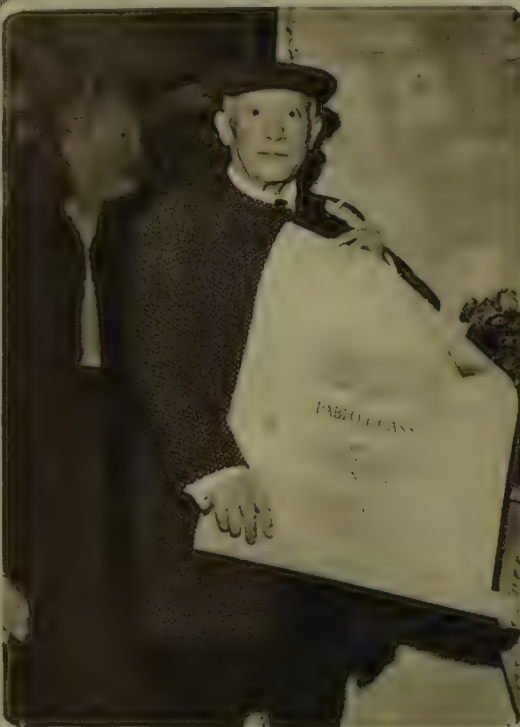
# A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—IV.



**NEW YORK.** "WHY PUNISH ISRAEL FOR EGYPT'S CRIME?" : A MASS MEETING, CO-SPONSORED BY THE AMERICAN ZIONIST COUNCIL, AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. On February 25 a meeting, co-sponsored by the American Zionist Council, was held at Madison Square Garden, in New York, in protest against the proposed sanctions against Israel. Among the guest speakers were a Republican and a Democrat Senator.



**NEW JERSEY, U.S.A.** LAUGHING OVER SPILT MILK : A DEMONSTRATION OF SYMPATHY FOR FARMERS WHO ARE PRESSING FOR HIGHER PRICES TO BE PAID FOR THEIR MILK BY THE MILK DISTRIBUTORS. THE FARMERS' BATTLE FOR HIGHER PRICES HAS LED TO VIOLENCE IN SOME AREAS.



**FRANCE.** AT ANTIBES, IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE, WHERE HE NOW LIVES : PABLO PICASSO, AFTER HE HAD BEEN MADE A CITIZEN OF HONOUR OF THE TOWN ON FEBRUARY 23.



**CANADA.** BELIEVE IT OR NOT—A FISHING FLEET. ANGLERS ON THE FROZEN SAINT ANNE RIVER, IN CANADA, FISH FROM CABINS TEMPORARILY ERECTED OVER HOLES WHICH HAVE BEEN SPECIALLY CUT IN THE THICK ICE.



**CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.** AFTER ITS "UNVEILING" : A NEW LARGE-SIZE ROCKET-LAUNCHER. A rocket-launcher, large enough for the firing of any guided missiles at present being planned, was unveiled at Oakland, California, recently. The tower can be tilted to any angle and is 120 ft. long. It will shortly be transferred to an Air Force base for testing missiles.



**DENMARK.** THE SCENE AT KASTRUP AIRPORT, COPENHAGEN, AFTER THE AIRLINER REIDAR VIKING HAD FLOWN FROM TOKYO VIA THE NORTH POLE. The world's first regular trans-Polar passenger air route between Copenhagen and Tokyo was inaugurated on February 24. After passing the outward-bound liner over the Pole, the Reidar Viking, carrying Prince Mikasa of Japan and his consort, landed at Kastrup on Feb. 25.



**DENMARK.** AT KRONBORG CASTLE, ELSINORE : A STATE BANQUET, ON FEBRUARY 26, TO CELEBRATE THE INAUGURATION OF THE TRANS-POLAR ROUTE TO JAPAN.



## BETHLEHEM IN ETHIOPIA: AN UNKNOWN MEDIAEVAL CHURCH DISCOVERED—ENTIRELY CONCEALED IN A HUGE CONICAL BAMBOO HUT NEAR MOUNT GUNA.

By THOMAS PAKENHAM.

VERY few Europeans ever visit the mediæval Christian churches in Ethiopia. They are far from any motor road and can only be reached by mule. In the rainy season even the mule-tracks become impassable and the rivers can not be forded. But last year, when the rains had finished, I was fortunate enough to visit the most important surviving churches, all of which are still in use. My interest aroused, I began to wonder whether there were any other equally important mediæval churches still to be discovered. Ethiopian officials in Addis Ababa were most co-operative, but not very optimistic. They thought it unlikely that any church had been overlooked by the German or Italian archaeologists who have worked on these churches, or by the French team that is at present working on them. If I ventured into unexplored territory I should probably find nothing, they said, and there was always the risk of bandits. Mercifully they were proved wrong. The only bandit I ever saw was sheltering in a church that offered sanctuary; and during the course of my third trip into the interior I stumbled on a completely unknown and unrecorded mediæval church, as important as any previously discovered. Its name was Bethlehem.

The discovery came about in the following way. In March I was in Gondar, on the edge of the north-west highlands. While collecting information before a trip across the unexplored high plateau to the east, I heard from more than one source of an important church called Bethlehem. This was one name among many. What particularly attracted me was the remark of the local governor that the church was *square*. Since the sixteenth century almost all churches have been built in the form of a *tukul*, or round African hut, while mediæval churches are invariably rectangular. I also discovered from a fifteenth-century MS. in Gondar that there had once been a church of that date or earlier at Bethlehem. It proved to be still there. The original church had somehow survived the disastrous Moslem invasions of the sixteenth century.

The remains of the mediæval civilisation in Ethiopia are scanty. A fanatical Moslem King of Adel, Mahomet Gran, systematically ravaged the country in wars against the Christian Emperor of Ethiopia. But a few churches survived. All were described by the Portuguese Mission in the sixteenth century. There is Debra Damo which, like the monasteries of Meteora, can only be reached by rope; there is Imraha Christos, which is built in the recesses of a cave; and there are the rock churches of Lalibela. None of the three could be thought to be typical of the churches built at that time. Debra Damo was built in the tenth century before the style was fully developed, while Imraha's plan is affected by its awkward site in the cave. The churches of Lalibela are extraordinary freaks, carved, like the temples of Petra, out of the living rock to represent buildings of wood and stone. They survived, while the mass of other churches, being built in the open and of inflammable materials, were easy prey for Gran and were rebuilt, much later.

The expedition to Bethlehem took five days by mule. The Government provided me with an escort of three soldiers and a mule for myself and my baggage; also a sheaf of letters of introduction which would smooth my way with various chiefs and priests, and perhaps intimidate bandits. European friends insisted I took all manner of medicines with me in case either the heat or the cold proved too much: on the high plateau it can be 90 degrees at midday and freezing at night. I was also given antidotes for snake-bites and a lion's claw to protect me from hyenas and evil spirits. I set off on the first day of the Ethiopian Lent, which, I was warned, was not

great trough which the Blue Nile cuts in the highlands. We pitched camp in a sacred grove of wild olives by the church wall.

But my first view of the church was a bitter disappointment (Fig. 3). It was round, not square, after all. The roof was the conical thatched roof of later buildings, with the weird tiara of tiny bells and large white ostrich eggs. Then on my peering through the ring of bamboo fencing my spirits revived. Inside was a rectangular building, unmistakably of the finest mediæval type.

Its plan was simple. It was 52 ft. by 42 ft., built of dressed red stone, with gabled façades to the east and west. The flat surface of all four walls was relieved by an inlay of white stones in the shape of crosses (Fig. 12). All windows and doors were carved from wood in the strange idiom of Ethiopian architecture: the beams of door and window-frames projected stump-like from the walls (Figs. 10-13).

But one more hurdle remained. The church was very much in use, as it served a flourishing school of theology (Fig. 1). The priests were naturally suspicious of my motives in wanting to enter and take photographs. During the Occupation, Italian soldiers are said to have desecrated churches. I produced my sheaf of letters. They were read to the whole community by a sort of cantor. But they were not, to my chagrin, immediately effective. I was refused permission to enter. Perhaps the Lenten fast was at the root of the trouble. Next day more priests arrived and my letters were read out again. I was still forbidden to enter the church, but the priests loaded me with all the food they were unable to eat because of the fast—eggs and meat and goat's milk. Finally, the high priest invited me to his hut. His wife, it appeared, suffered from insomnia and he wondered if I knew any remedy for it. I emptied out the contents of my medicine chest. Next day I was told that the high priest's wife had slept very well and he had agreed that I could enter and make a brief survey. With mounting excitement I stepped past the deacons, who were singing Matins in the vestibule to the accompaniment of rattles and kettledrums. Then I crossed the massive threshold into the old part of the church. Perhaps, I reflected, I was the first European to enter since the Portuguese, perhaps the first of all.

Inside, the church was lit only through the doors. The windows, whose metal grills were visible from the outside, were completely blocked by cobwebs and an accumulation of rubbish (Fig. 6). The plan of the church was obscured by the mass of hangings, suspended on poles across each bay of the aisles and each arch of the nave (Figs. 7 and 9). This is the present fashion, as I found in every church I visited. It proceeds, no doubt, from encroaching mysticism. One can only condemn the trend. The original intentions of the architects are frustrated by the festoons of

veils and vestments dividing the church into cubicles, and there is little or no light to see what remains. For me it made the work of surveying the church even harder, as I had only a pocket torch with which to examine the details and it was impossible to take a good general view with a camera.

The plan of the church, inside as well as outside, was, however, simple. It was nearly square and built on an east-west axis. The materials used were both wood and dressed stone. Unlike its predecessors it had no plasterwork and the walls were built of solid stone, not of

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 1. THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS: PUPILS OF THE SEMINARY ATTACHED TO THE ANCIENT CHURCH OF BETHLEHEM, IN THE NORTHERN HIGHLANDS OF ETHIOPIA.

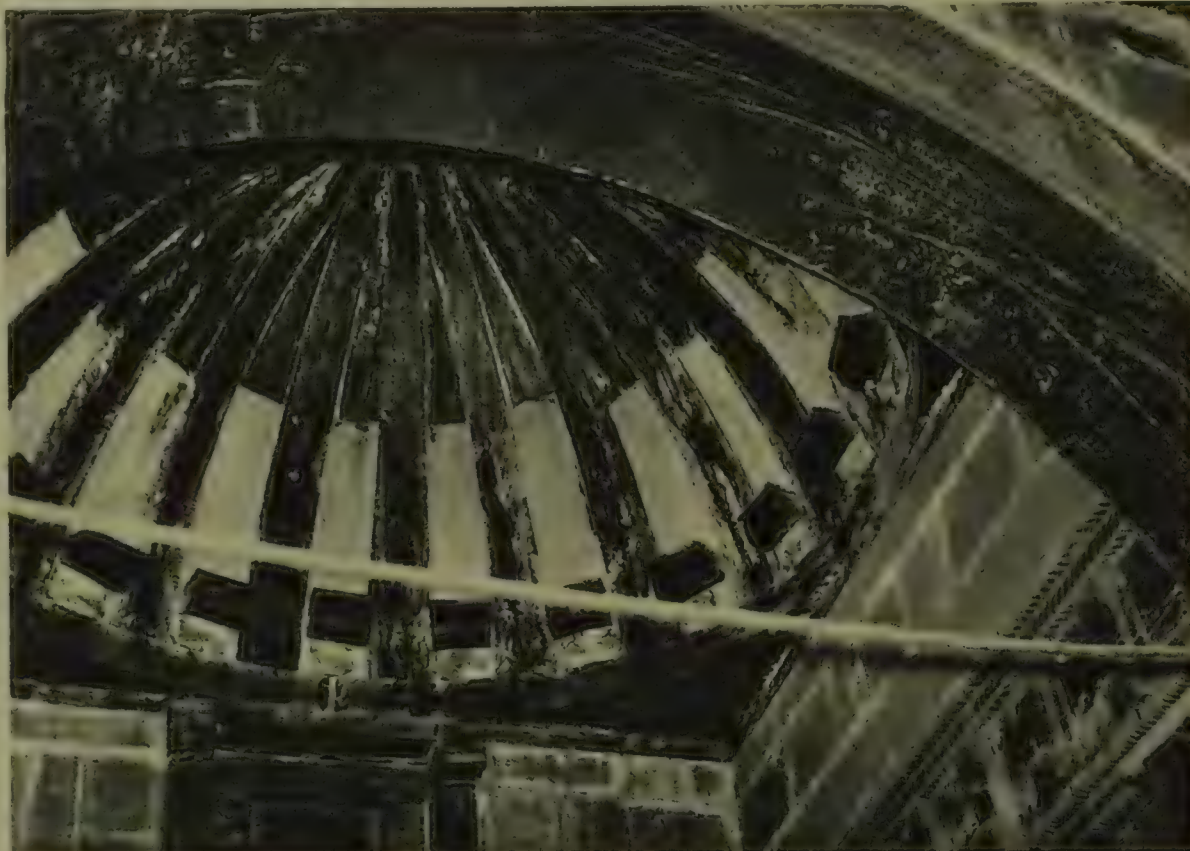


FIG. 2. THE SANCTUARY DOME OF THE CHURCH OF BETHLEHEM, ETHIOPIA. IT IS MADE OF WOODEN RIBS WITH THE INTERSTICES FILLED WITH STONE. BETWEEN EACH RIB, AT THE BOTTOM, IS AN EXTRAORDINARY USELESS CORBEL, AN ASPECT OF "FOSSIL" ARCHITECTURE.

the best time to travel. The priests fasted rigorously and would not be in the mood to receive visitors.

Our route took us over the shoulder of Mount Guna and we spent three nights at around 12,000 ft. It was bitterly cold and the hyenas made sleep difficult. But we kept up our spirits with locally distilled anise. On the fourth day we crossed three rivers and there were mosquitoes at night. The flora was much richer and we saw many baboons. Then on the fifth day we reached Bethlehem. The country was well-wooded with olive and juniper, and water plentiful. Ahead, a series of natural terraces swept down to the





FIG. 3. THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE CHURCH OF BETHLEHEM, ETHIOPIA: LOOKING DOWN ON THE HUGE THATCHED CONE WHICH ENTIRELY CONCEALS THE SQUARE MEDIÆVAL CHURCH. BEYOND LIES THE TROUGH CUT BY THE BLUE NILE.

*Continued.]* layers of wood alternating with rubble. There was much fine wood carving for decoration (Fig. 9). The roof was of cedar wood. The general effect was of a simple but harmonious design. The details were intriguingly original. The nave was divided from the aisles by three stone piers on either side, rusticated to represent piers in wood and rubble. The nave roof (Fig. 5) was coffered, while the first two bays of the aisles had flat, low roofs with much carving and decorative bosses (Fig. 8). The wooden capitals above the piers were in the nature of brackets supporting the roof beams on three sides. On the fourth side they stuck out into the nave as pure

decoration (Fig. 7). Above the height of the aisles the nave walls to north and south were decorated first with a frieze of formalised window pattern, then with a row of five semi-circular windows like a "clerestory" (Fig. 7). From the second and third piers on either side sprang four great wooden arches which led up to a central dome, each soffit of the arches carved with a different pattern (Fig. 4). At each side of this central dome the aisles were roofed with a wooden barrel vault. Beyond this, to the east, was a second dome over the sanctuary (Fig. 2), and two final bays of the aisles, flat-roofed like the first two pairs (Fig. 6). In general, the church exhibits

*[Continued overleaf]*



# "FOSSILISATION" IN ARCHITECTURE: STRANGE FEATURES IN A "LOST" ETHIOPIAN CHURCH.



(Left.)  
FIG. 4. THE CENTRAL DOME OF THE CHURCH, SUPPORTED ON THREE GREAT WOODEN ARCHES, THE UNDERSIDES OF WHICH BEAR DIFFERENT CARVED PATTERNS. NOTE THE USELESS "CORBELS."



(Right.)  
FIG. 5. THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST TOWARDS THE TWO DOMES. THE COFFERED ROOF IS OF CEDAR WOOD AND MUCH OF THE WOODWORK IS ELABORATELY CARVED WITH ROPE PATTERNS.



FIG. 6. THE NORTH-EAST CHAPEL. THE EXTERIOR OF THIS GROUP OF THREE NEGLECTED WINDOWS IS SHOWN IN FIG. 12. THE LOWER WINDOW IS STACKED WITH MSS.



FIG. 7. THE SOUTHERN "CLERESTORY"—LUNETTE WINDOWS WHICH LEAD NOWHERE AND LIGHT NOTHING. NOTE THE TRUE BRACKET AND THE USELESS BRACKET, AND THE STRINGS TO CARRY HANGINGS DIVIDING UP THE BODY OF THE CHURCH.



FIG. 8. THE FLAT-ROOFED SOUTH-WEST CHAPEL, FLANKING THE CENTRAL DOME, ITS BEAMS AND BOSSES CARVED WITH ELABORATE GUILLOCHE AND ROPE PATTERNS.



FIG. 9. DETAILS OF THE COMPLEX CARVING ON BEAMS OF WOOD—AND ALSO OF ONE OF THE HANGINGS WITH WHICH THE PRIESTS DIVIDE THE CHURCH INTO CUBICLES.

*Continued.* many features common to Early Christian building in Syria and Egypt, while the methods of construction and the extraordinary fossilised ornament originate in building methods imported from South Arabia around the fifth century B.C. Comparison of the doors and windows with those represented in stone on the obelisks of Axum (second century B.C.) show an exact parallel (Fig. 13). Bethlehem has many other features in this tradition shared by churches previously known—the "bracket capitals," the rusticated piers and the frieze of formalised window pattern (Fig. 13). But much in Bethlehem is innovation. The "clerestory" of semi-circular windows can not, I discovered, be anything but purely ornamental.

At other churches there is access by a staircase to the lofts above the aisles which similar windows illuminate, and windows in the exterior walls allow light to penetrate through the "clerestory" to the nave. But at Bethlehem there is no access to these lofts at all, while no light can penetrate to them from outside. Then the two domes built of a framework of wooden ribs, with stone blocks filling the interstices, are fitted with an extraordinary sort of "corbel" between each rib (Figs. 2 and 4). There seems no purpose in this appendix; it is close to the "bracket capital," of course, but an even more weird form of decoration (Fig. 7). Lastly, there are the barrel vaults above the third aisle bays on either side. There

*[Continued opposite.]*



# UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS OF A HIDDEN MEDIÆVAL ETHIOPIAN CHURCH.



FIG. 10. INSIDE THE GREAT CONE OF THATCH (FIG. 3): ONE OF THE USELESS WINDOWS OF THE CHURCH SEEN FROM THE OUTSIDE. THE BEAMS ARE OF WOOD AND THE GRAFFITI ARE MODERN.



FIG. 12. THE CONTINUATION OF THE LOWER LEFT CORNER OF FIG. 11, WITH A DEACON STANDING BESIDE THE WINDOW. THIS SHOWS THE WHITE STONES INLAID IN THE FORM OF CROSSES.



FIG. 11. THE EXTERIOR OF THE EAST WALL: THE PROJECTING WINDOW BEAMS ARE TYPICAL OF THE "STRANGE IDIOM OF ETHIOPIAN ARCHITECTURE."

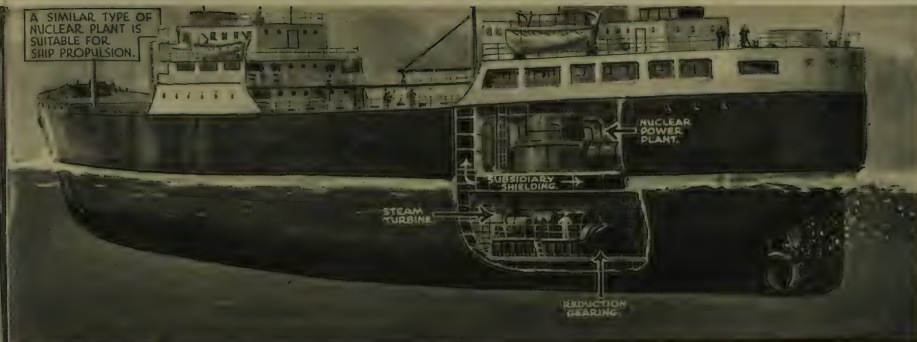
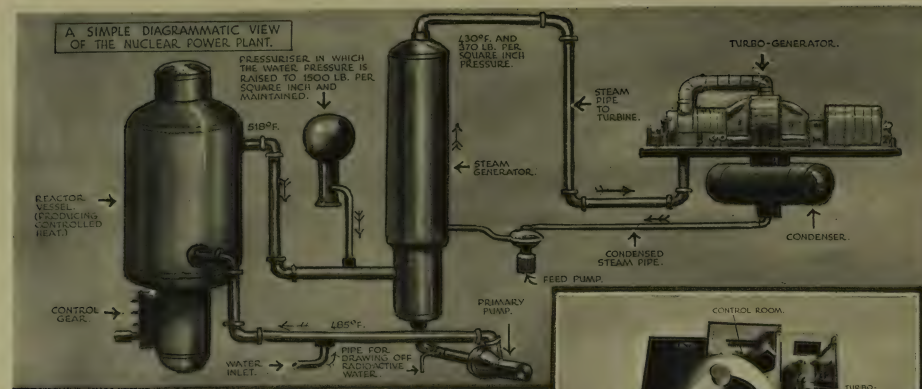


FIG. 13. THE SOUTH DOOR OF THE CHURCH FROM THE OUTSIDE: IN THE WOODEN BEAM ABOVE THE DOOR THERE IS GUILLOCHE CARVING. THE DOORS REPEAT THE PATTERN OF THOSE REPRESENTED IN THE 2ND CENTURY B.C. OBELISK OF AXUM.

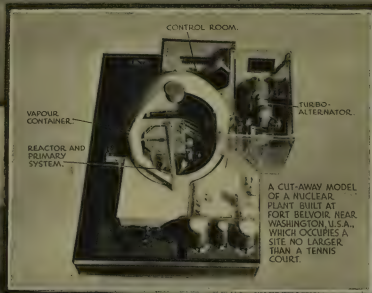
*Continued.* is absolutely no precedent for these. They are nearest to the brick barrel vaults of the Coptic churches below Aswan. But the Bethlehem barrel vaults are of wood. It would be difficult to conceive the form of roof construction less suited to the materials employed. The dating of the church is difficult, as the oral evidence is unreliable and contemporary records are lacking. Stylistically, Bethlehem is later than Imraha, which is probably twelfth century. It is possible that Bethlehem was built at any time between then and the Moslem invasions. But it is unlikely that work of such fine quality was done so late. One would incline to attribute Bethlehem to the thirteenth century, the period when the churches

of Lalibela were cut from the rock. The preservation of Bethlehem, both from the Moslems and the weather, is remarkable. The heart of Mahomet Gran was softened, the chronicles record, by the beauty of Lalibela, and he refrained from destroying those churches. Perhaps Bethlehem had the same effect on him. Or perhaps its remoteness saved it. At any rate, it is fortunate that by the preservation of Bethlehem we still possess one example of what must have been the prevailing style of Ethiopian mediæval church. The earlier churches are hardly representative. But in Bethlehem we can assume we have the fully-developed style. It must be typical of the innumerable churches now lost.





MEDIUM SIZE ATOMIC POWER STATION CAPABLE OF SUPPLYING A TOWN OF 20 TO 30,000 INHABITANTS WITH ELECTRICITY.



# "TENNIS COURT" ATOMIC POWER STATIONS—TO LIGHT SMALL TOWNS OR DRIVE CARGO SHIPS—TO BE SOLD, INSTALLED AND EVENTUALLY ENTIRELY MADE BY A BRITISH FIRM.

A British firm, Humphreys and Glasgow Ltd., of London, recently acquired selling rights outside the North American continent for small atomic power units of American design. These are for the production of electricity or heat and are similar to the power unit in the American atomic submarine *Nautilus*. A ten-megawatt station, sufficient for the needs of a town of 10,000 to 20,000 inhabitants, would cost about £2,000,000 and could be built on a space no larger than a tennis court. The new power stations are likely to prove particularly

useful in remote and less developed areas, and Humphreys and Glasgow Ltd. announced on January 29 that they were ready to accept orders, and that completion times would be about the same as for conventional stations. The cost of electricity from the new stations is estimated at between 1½d. and 2d. per unit, which would be competitive with other forms of generation in remote areas. The designers with whom the British firm have secured the agreement are the American firm Alco (American Locomotive Company)

Products Incorporated. The Vice-President (Engineering) of this Company is Rear Admiral Wilson D. Leggett, who was chief of the U.S. Navy Bureau of Ships at the time *Nautilus* was being constructed. The new power plants are available in three sizes, producing two, five and ten megawatts, and a twenty-five-megawatt station is being planned. One of these stations has already been constructed and was due to start operating in early February; this is illustrated above in the inset photograph. In the early stages it is

expected that about two-thirds of the total cost of a station ordered from the British firm would be spent on plant and equipment obtained in Britain. Later, the entire construction will probably be British. The supply of fuel on loan is guaranteed by the United States for the life of the reactor, i.e., the nuclear furnace. The new atomic power stations, which can be adapted for propelling ships, need refuelling once every eighteen months or two years. (*Nautilus* has already covered 50,000 miles in two years without refuelling.)

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF MESSRS. HUMPHREYS AND GLASGOW LTD.



## INDIA FROM A BICYCLE.

"THE RIDE TO CHANDIGARH." By HAROLD ELVIN.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE ride was on a bicycle, and a tremendously long one.

The narrative starts a great distance away from the objective. The nature and whereabouts of that destination is revealed in an opening dialogue. Mr. Elvin, who must have developed some fine calves by now, had already done round trips from England to Constantinople and back and to Leningrad and back, and this time took on something more strenuous still. The beginning of his story finds him pedalling through a brown, rolling landscape in the Deccan. "Like Cumberland," he reflected, and then, "I come across a Salvation Army chapel so like one in Essex that I feel I must go in and shake their hands there." An Indian Salvationist caretaker welcomed him, and took him into an edifice full of flowery Victorian texts, black hymnals, green-baize collection plates, prickly carved hymn-number frames, thick black numerals, red-brick walls and casement windows. "Just like Essex" again. He had breakfast in the vestry and the family clamoured to know where he was going.

"I would like to say, where the wind blows," I said, "but since I know we are going somewhere definite I will tell you: we are riding to Chandigarh."

"Where is Chandigarh? I don't know Chandigarh," and he pressed me to have more biscuits. Breakfast was biscuits, a boiled egg and tea. But he would not eat with me. Tradition is to feed the guest first.

"Chandigarh lies against the walls of the Himalayas," I said. "When India in the Partition in '47 lost half the Punjab to Pakistan, the Indian Punjab lost its capital, Lahore. So now they are building a new capital, and they are doing it on virgin land, and its nearest village is Chandigarh and hence its name. I just want to see it," I added.

"The Himalayas are a long way?"

"We will have gone two thousand miles and more before we reach there," I said.

"And this city, is it a worth seeing place?"

"It will be. It's only just beginning. They sent for four of the most famous architects in the world to design it; the Frenchmen Le Corbusier and Jeanneret, and the English Maxwell Fry and his wife, Jane Drew."

And why was Mr. Elvin so interested in this latest of Commonwealth capitals, which will certainly make New Delhi and Canberra look almost antediluvian?—though, of course, Trinidad, capital of the Caribbean Dominion, may decide to go even one better, perhaps, however, not carrying the usually sound doctrine of using local materials so far as to erect its Parliament House with bricks made of pitch. The answer is that, before he went into films, the British Embassy in Moscow, and non-stop (except for the occasional boiled egg) bicycling, he was trained as an architect, and worked in architects' offices, so can't help being interested in the architectural developments that are going on all over the world, with modern functional notions trying to effect a working compromise with local idioms and conditions. That, of course, is not the complete explanation of the journey. Mr. Elvin could have arrived at this tremendous new Chandigarh site by means of some less sluggish and painful means of transport than a bicycle. But he likes travelling hopefully even better than he likes arriving. To him the Golden Journey means more than Samarkand. Instead of dropping into Chandigarh by aeroplane, he went the hard, slow way and saw many, many places in India, antique and beautiful, which may well outlast the creations of Fry and Le Corbusier—though everyone who wishes well to adventurers

who try to wriggle out of the book-derived slough of nineteenth-century decoration must wish those explorers well.

Mr. Elvin doesn't say where he landed from his ship: I presume that he traversed most of the 7000 miles between here and the Western Ghats by sea, and not on his bicycle—which, I take it, he calls "Sir Walter," not after the most lovable of all Sir Walters, but after a former traveller whose name is borne by a popular brand



NO RAIN.



HOUSES FOR MIDDLE-GRADE INCOMES IN CHANDIGARH.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Ride to Chandigarh"; by courtesy of the publisher, Macmillan.

of cycle. But from his Salvation Army outpost with the framed texts and the hymn-numbers, he proceeded to Poona (a name somewhat familiar to old soldiers), to Bombay, then, by little-known routes, to the painted caves of Ajanta and the superb sculptured caves of Ellora. For a time he was associated with four young students from Bombay who were also roving on bicycles, with the motto of "See India First"—whose appearance reminded me of an establishment in New York called, mysteriously, the Bombay Bicycle Club, where I was most hospitably entertained, in 1921, during the bleakest period of Prohibition. When the party ran out of money they raised it by variety shows and sing-songs.

Their ways parted: after all, Mr. Elvin had to go a long way north, to a place with-in sight of the great frozen peaks. He went alone, sometimes in the wildest of forest country, where beasts and bandits abounded. So eerie and lonely were some of his trips that I shouldn't have been surprised at any moment had he exclaimed: "At this point

I was eaten by a tiger"—though, on second thoughts, I realised that that statement, had it been made, could hardly have been correct. He bicycled his way to Indore and Gwalior, and thence to Agra and (inevitably) Fatehpur Sikri. Eager though he may have been to see the ingenious complications of Chandigarh, he, like many another, was bound to pause before the beauty of the Taj Mahal and its legend. He met the local expert, called Riyazi. "It is exceedingly difficult," he says, "to find out anything about her [Mumtaz Mahal]. In a book on Shah Jahan 400 pages long, a reader will be . . . left in almost complete ignorance of this being who held such attraction for Shah Jahan that he could not bear one day's separation from her, and took her to wars, sieges and through all difficulties, everywhere with him." However, there the monument stands, to a great love: it speaks for itself.

Mr. Elvin, on his faithful bicycle, proceeded to Delhi, Panipat and Ambala and, in the end, arrived at Chandigarh. When he got there he seems to have thought that, on the whole, a good job had been done. He chants a paean to Jane Drew. "There are four architects at work here, three men and one woman. And it's not the woman that this fellow will be taking a tilt at. Her peons' village is sheer genius of designing for the poor. Homely, shady, intimate, two rooms and kitchen and bath and garden beautifully arranged and compact for £270! And all the houses knitted neatly together, so that the whole village takes tone. As it is a woman's work, there's a silly temptation to ask, is it too feminine, is it too masculine? It looks just Architecture to me: sober, magnificent. And here it must be remembered the architects have not isolated pieces but thousands of buildings each to handle. Yes, English women can certainly feel pride in their Jane Drew for all that she has succeeded in, in this project."

There's the end: Chandigarh was the object. But to me the charm of the book has had nothing to do with architectural projects. I confess that I prefer roaming and wandering books, by land or sea, to any other sort of books whatever; and Mr. Elvin, with whatever propensities to dogmatism he may have, is a born rover, like George Borrow. Let him now bicycle through the New Africa. He will certainly get on with the natives. He evidently has a way with him.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 400 of this issue.

THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. HAROLD ELVIN.

After an architectural training and a short period working in architects' offices, Mr. Harold Elvin went for five years to Elstree Film Studios—first in the Art Department and later as the Floor Manager. He left Elstree to make a round trip to Constantinople and back, and later cycled to Leningrad and back. So far his cycling "career" has taken him to twenty-one countries. During the war he was on the staff of the British Embassy in Moscow.



\* "The Ride to Chandigarh." By Harold Elvin. Illustrated. (Macmillan; 25s.)



# THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO HARROW SCHOOL: MEMENTOS OF FAMOUS OLD HARROVIANS, AND THE PAST.



NEAR THE LIBRARIAN'S DESK: A PORTRAIT OF JOHN, LORD MOUNT STUART, AFTERWARDS FIRST MARQUIS OF BUTE, DRESSED IN ARCHERY COSTUME.



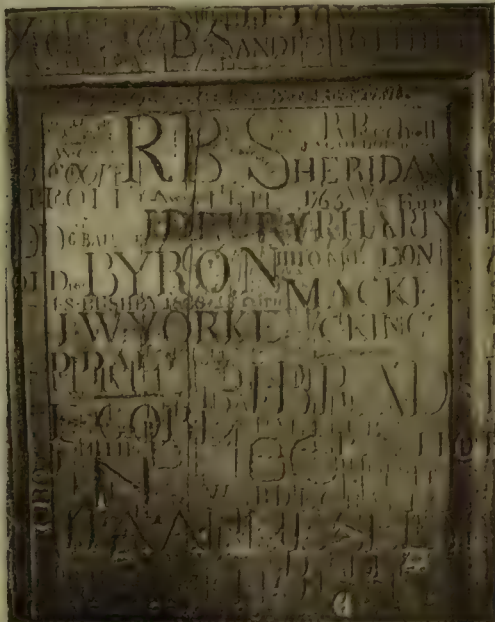
PRESENTED BY THE REV. JOHN READ MUNN IN 1848: AN ARCHERY COSTUME ACTUALLY WORN AT HARROW IN ABOUT 1766 BY HENRY READ.



BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN USED BY THE EMPEROR CHARLES V WHEN ON A VISIT TO THE DORIA PALACE IN GENOA: THE HANDSOME OAK DORIA CHAIR.



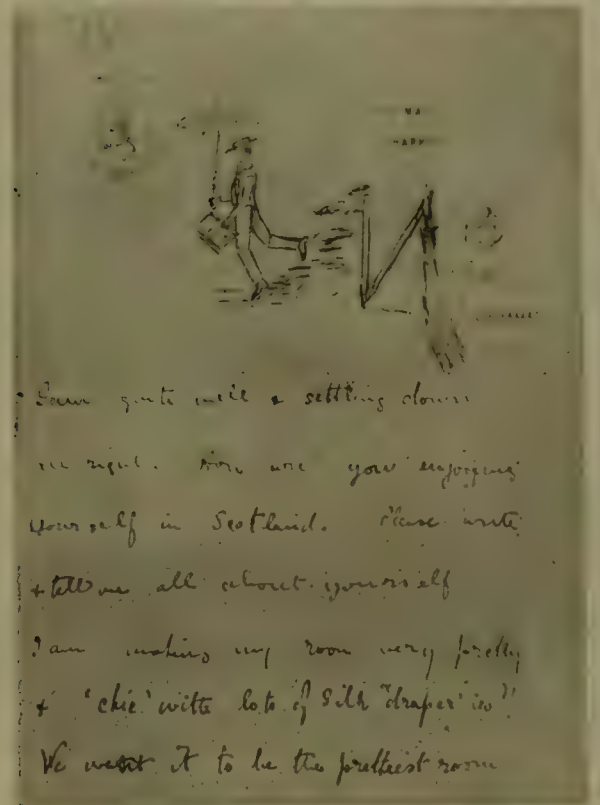
SOME BYRON RELICS: THE SILVER-SHEATHED SWORD OF HONOUR PRESENTED TO THE POET AT MISSO LONGHI AND THE SWORD HE USED IN GREECE.



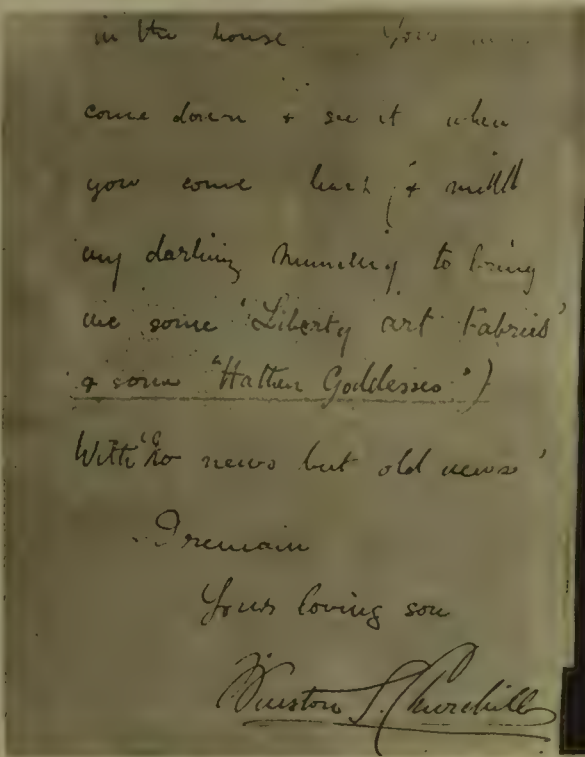
IN THE FOURTH FORM ROOM: NAMES CARVED BY (OR ON BEHALF OF) THEIR OWNERS, INCLUDING THOSE OF BYRON AND SHERIDAN.



SCHOOL CUSTOS OR HEAD PORTER FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS: MR. B. C. BURTON WITH SOME OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS PRESENTED TO HIM BY BOYS LEAVING THE SCHOOL.



"I AM QUITE WELL AND SETTLING DOWN ALL RIGHT": WINSTON CHURCHILL'S FIRST LETTER AS A HARROW BOY WRITTEN TO HIS MOTHER. IT WAS PRESENTED BY SIR SHANE LESLIE IN 1940.



IN SPEECH ROOM: A CHAIR PRESENTED BY WINSTON CHURCHILL, WHO ENTERED THE SCHOOL IN 1887.

Harrow School, which was founded during the reign of the first Queen Elizabeth, was to be visited by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on March 5. During their tour of the school the Royal visitors were to see the magnificent collection of relics of famous Old Harrovians, some of which are shown on this page. In cases and stands in various parts of the Vaughan Library are a number of engravings, coins, medals, stamps, pictures, books, documents, and curios, the majority of which are of special interest through association with the school in the past. Prized among these are the Byron relics, which were bequeathed to the Governors of the school in 1902 by H. Panmure Gordon.

Also preserved in the Library are some relics of the former archery contest, which was an annual event for many years until it was suppressed in 1772 by Dr. Heath, "due to the rowdiness of spectators from London and to the claims of competitors to a remission of school work in order to practise at the butts." A comparatively new acquisition, but of priceless interest and value, is Sir Winston Churchill's first letter as a Harrow boy written to his mother after he entered the school in the summer of 1887. It was presented to Harrow School by Sir Shane Leslie in 1940. An album signed by distinguished visitors includes autographs of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert.





## NATURE'S WONDERLAND—NO. 9. ANIMALS AS ARCHITECTS—CRAFTSMANSHIP AS DISPLAYED

Living matter is in a constant state of breaking-down and building-up, the combined process being called metabolism. In the course of growth, the building, whether of soft tissues or hard skeleton, is organised and follows an appropriate pattern or design. So it follows that life in all its forms is creative, and, since protoplasm does not differ essentially in its properties, its creative works show similarities, whether we have to do with simple cells or highly-organised multicellular bodies. This creative work often extends to materials external to the body, and in it the similarities and parallels are more obvious, and therefore more readily appreciated. The above drawings, and the next three, in our series "Nature's Wonderland," illustrate some of the constructional works of animals—mammals, insects, birds and

invertebrates. On these pages our artist shows some of the results achieved by mammals, the higher animals as we call them. The use of the word "higher" is intended to convey the idea that in the structure of their bodies as a whole, and more especially in the organisation of their brains, these animals are more advanced than any others and approach more nearly to the human standards. Bearing this in mind, it is quite surprising how little craftsmanship or artistic ability is shown by the mammals, except man. This was made quite clear when examples were being sought for the drawings on these pages and the ones which will appear in subsequent issues. For birds, insects and the lowest animals it was possible to pick and choose, but for mammals it was difficult to find examples. Another point which emerges

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER, F.R.S.A.,

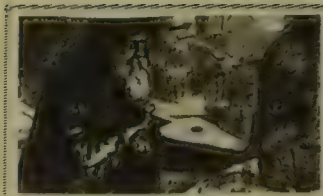
## BY MAMMALS, FROM THE GORILLA'S BED OF BRANCHES TO THE BADGER'S ROOMY SET.

is that constructional activities are almost entirely confined to those mammals regarded by zoologists as the least specialised, or, as it is usually expressed, the more primitive. These include the insectivores (such as moles and shrews) and the rodents. It is significant to recall, therefore, that in the modern classifications of the mammals the primates (i.e., the lemurs, monkeys, apes and man), which were formerly placed at the head of the table, are now placed on a level with these more primitive types. In physical characters the primates are truly primitive, even if they have outstripped all the others in their mental development. Alongside this, they, and especially man, have similar constructional abilities to those of the insectivores and rodents. It is true that the primates possess grasping hands, which confer an

WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON.

immediate advantage for making or building. Yet this is not the whole story, for some animals which build, and especially some of the rodents, have little more ability to grasp with the paws than some of the carnivores, such, for example, as the cats. There are other arguments leading to the general hypothesis that craftsmanship is not dependent upon a highly-organised brain, although, quite certainly, as we see in human craftsmen and artists, the finer brain can implement the skill. A last point concerns the supposed dependence of nest-building upon the sex hormones. If we are to suppose a close correlation between these two, then it is going to be difficult to explain why squirrels, dormice and others build special winter nests at a time of the year when the sex hormones are known to be quiescent.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



YESTERDAY it rained all day. There was plenty needing attention indoors so it mattered little that one felt no desire to go out. A walk was taken, for recreation. It was pleasurable but undertaken almost as a duty. This morning the early sky was clear, the sun was bright. The outside world called with an almost irresistible magnetism. Moreover merely to look through a window and see the sun on the trees made one feel better.

In general terms, and without any thought of vitamins, ergosterol or any other of the bewitching biochemical words, we accept the idea that the sun is a great health-giver. That doubtless is why civilised man throws a pall of smoke into the sky between himself and the sun, clothes his body so that only face and hands are exposed to the health-giving rays, and in other ways deprives himself of this primary blessing. We are, of course, not to blame as individuals for this, and, as individuals, we seek to offset it when on holiday. Then, we cast off everything we dare in the shape of clothes and conventions and let the blessed sunshine in. As a community our motives in this are mixed. Some indulge in intensive sunbathing for reasons of health, others in order to possess a sunburnt skin. Such motives spring from the rational side of us, no matter how irrationally we carry out the deed. At all times, however, on holiday or not, our irrational selves, that "something deep down in us" which still eludes precise definition, responds to sunlight as soft iron to a magnet. In this, we are at one with much of animate nature, and the primary attraction seems to have nothing to do with health.

A nestling bird kept indoors for hand-rearing, when the parents have deserted it—kept there for the sake of convenience—will show distinct liveliness when first it sees the sunshine beyond the window, even although no rays penetrate into the room. At a later stage, as a fledgling, it will go as near to the window as possible, drawn to gaze upon the distant, sun-illuminated landscape. Then, the first time it is taken out into the direct

### WHY SUNBATHING?

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

with greater frequency and persistence. Furred animals, too, will lie out in the sun, showing every expression of enjoying it. Even the nocturnal badger has his sunning places. A lizard will bask in the sun, spreading his ribs and flattening the body, then turning the spread surface at right angles to the sun, again as if endeavouring to expose the maximum surface to the rays. Snakes, also, are well known sunbathers. How far we can include other animals in the category of sunbathers is a more complicated issue, and for simplicity's sake we can confine our attention to birds, if only because it is they upon which the most observations have been made, although even here, precise study has been meagre enough.

It has been shown that in some birds, at least, the effect of sunbathing is anti-rachitic. That is, the oil from the preen-gland, distributed over the feathers, produces vitamin D when irradiated, and is an antidote to rickets. On a subsequent preening,

were such typically night birds as barn owl, tawny owl and nightjar. Certainly, my tame tawny owls appear to be as persistent in this as any of the birds in our garden. They will sit motionless for long periods of time, with the eye towards the sun closed, then turn round and "do" the other side. On occasion, one or the other will sit with the head held back so that the face is directed to the heavens, as if to catch the sun's rays on the throat.

There can be no doubt that sunbathing by birds is deliberate. That is, it is accompanied by the adoption of a characteristic posture, which may vary within narrow limits but is always recognisable for what it is. It includes the puffed-up body feathers, fanned tail and spread wings. Some birds sunbathe on the ground, and will return to the same spot repeatedly to do so. Some species vary the spreadeagle attitude by lifting one wing high, tilting the body away from the sun and supporting it with the other wing pressed to the ground and to some extent by the tail being used in the same way. In this attitude, having something of the appearance of an ecstasy, the aim appears to be of exposing the flank and underwing to the sun. Other birds bathe on the perch, perhaps with the back to the sun, perhaps sideways on to its rays. There is then a frequent change in position, resulting

HAND-REARED FROM A NESTLING INDOORS: THE FLEDGLING JAY WHICH SUNBATHED ON FIRST BEING TAKEN INTO THE SUNLIGHT, AND CONTINUED TO DO SO EACH DAY WHEN TAKEN OUT INTO THE SUN. THE POSTURE ASSUMED INCLUDED CROUCHING BREAST TO THE GROUND, WITH BODY FEATHERS FLUFFED OUT, WINGS SPREAD AND TAIL FANNED.

fragments of feather, bearing the vitamin, are taken into the mouth and swallowed. A similar effect is more direct in rabbits. In them, it was found that rickets could be induced by bathing the ears with ether to remove the natural oil. If, then, the ears were left uncleaned and irradiated, even with artificial sunlight, the rickets could be cured. When, however, the ears were constantly washed with ether, to keep them free of the natural oil, no amount of sunshine, natural or artificial, would

in an even distribution of the rays, in due course, over the whole body.

We can suppose that no bird sunbathes from rational motives. It has not our advantage of knowing, in however vague a way, that the sun is health-giving and has something to do with vitamin D. Yet the response to the sun's rays is very definite.

We might argue that it is the warmth on the body, touching off an innate behaviour pattern. That is, we can suppose heat to be the stimulus.

It has been shown, for example, that the positions assumed by a sleeping cat can be correlated with the temperatures in the room at different times. That temperature is not the sole cause is suggested when we see a pigeon or dove rain-bathing, lifting one wing, fanning the tail and fluffing the feathers during a gentle shower, even when the weather is cold. The attitude is strongly reminiscent of, if not identical with, that used by these birds in sunbathing. It seems, therefore, that temperature can only be a secondary stimulus.

There is room here for more precise and wider observation, especially in relating temperatures to postures, or possibly other factors than temperature.

Meanwhile, it does appear that the original stimulus is through the eye solely, which predisposes the body to seek exposure, as when we look out of a window on a sunny morning.

Once that is accomplished, the behaviour, in non-human species, at least, appears to depend upon an innate releasing mechanism responding to a stimulus yet to be determined.

Most remarkable of all is that even swallows and martins, flying in the sun all day, will perch specially to sunbathe.



NEARLY GROWN: THE SAME JAY SUNBATHING ON A PERCH. THE BODY IS SET AT RIGHT ANGLES TO THE SUN'S RAYS, BUT AGAIN THERE ARE THE PUFFED-OUT FEATHERS, SPREAD WINGS AND TAIL.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

rays of the sun, it will sunbathe. That is, it will take up a position and an attitude we typify by the word "sunbathing." It will crouch breast to the warm earth, puff out the feathers of the body, spread the wings and fan the tail. The attitude suggests that it is exposing the maximum surface to the sun's rays. Yet, it is difficult to believe that any rays will penetrate that mantle of feathers.

Young birds are not alone in this. Grown birds will do the same thing; if anything, they do it

remedy the rickety condition. In rabbits, vitamin D is produced directly through the ergosterol on the lubricated skin in the presence of sun-rays.

Confining attention once more to birds, we can say that sunbathing is widespread. In *British Birds*, Volumes 39 and 40, for 1946-47, was published a series of short descriptions of different birds sunbathing. The species observed included a dozen or so songbirds, of which several were those commonly seen in our gardens. Also included





A MASTERLY SHAVE FROM THE MASTER SLAVE: A NEW REMOTE-CONTROL MANIPULATOR DEMONSTRATED AT HARWELL.

Scientists at the atomic research establishment at Harwell have produced a device known as the "Master Slave" to enable them to handle dangerous chemicals by remote control. The "Master Slave" has been specially designed to enable the scientists to perform delicate operations accurately although separated from their work by a thick, protective wall, and the machine's delicate touch was convincingly demonstrated when, on Feb. 28, a man was given a remote-control shave. Other operations which can be performed by the "Master Slave" include striking a match and pouring

out a cup of tea. A television device is also used to facilitate intricate operations. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were shown the "Master Slave" during their visit to Harwell on March 1. The robot was built by precision engineers under the direction of Mr. Stanley Storey. The cost, without the television apparatus, was £1200, and the machine is now to be fitted with electric motors which will enable the operator to stand at an even greater distance from his work. During the Royal visit Prince Philip tried out the "Master Slave," successfully picking up and replacing a test tube.





THE range and variety of Sir Herbert Ingram's gift of Chinese Art to the University of Oxford last year were so great that Sir Alan Barlow's less spectacular present of his collection of Islamic pottery passed very nearly unnoticed. Oxford receives some 160 pieces, and the British Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum share a dozen between them. At Oxford a selection from them is boarded out, as it were, with the Ingram bronzes, pottery and porcelain in that lamentable building at the end of Broad Street which used to be the Indian Institute, whose steep, winding circular staircase, apparently modelled upon that of the White Tower in the Tower of London, is not recommended to anyone who does not take a nostalgic delight in mediæval fortresses. I for one look forward to the day when the ground floor of the Ashmolean will be swept and garnished, and all these splendid objects, both Far- and Near-Eastern, will be displayed as they deserve. Only then will the layman be in a position to appreciate them in all their magnificence.

When I write that the Barlow gift is less spectacular, that does not mean that it is less important in its special field; it is merely that, by the nature of things, there is less of it. However many disasters were suffered by China,



FIG. 2. "STRONGLY REMINISCENT OF A CHINESE ORIGINAL, BUT WITH A WHOLLY PERSIAN BIRD IN THE CENTRE": A MIDDLE-TWELFTH-CENTURY WHITE EARTHENWARE DISH WITH A TRANSPARENT BLUE GLAZE OVER AN INCISED PATTERN. (Diameter: 10 ins.) (Victoria and Albert Museum—Sir Alan Barlow Gift.)

however much was destroyed, the total output of works of art in every century was enormous. Moreover, the Chinese were in the habit of placing various objects in their tombs, a practice wholly alien to the followers of Mahomet. In addition, in the Near East, cities were destroyed and whole populations swept away with monotonous regularity. Nor, throughout the whole vast region over which the Caliphs exercised a vague religious and very sketchy political control, was there anything resembling the highly cultivated sense of history, with its emphasis upon the achievements of the past, which is so marked a characteristic of Chinese civilisation. The result of all this is that comparatively little up to the thirteenth century has survived, and much of that in a fragmentary condition. Yet Europe owes much to these obscure and nameless potters whose survivors from disaster to disaster throughout the centuries

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

### SIR ALAN BARLOW'S GIFT TO OXFORD AND TO LONDON.

managed to preserve their skill and to produce some of the most sensitive pieces of earthenware the world has known, and even, in certain rare examples, to achieve vessels which are on the way to being true porcelain, comparable to those early French experiments in soft-paste at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

This at least is established—by the ninth century A.D., Baghdad potters had devised a means of making tin-enamel wares. Six hundred years

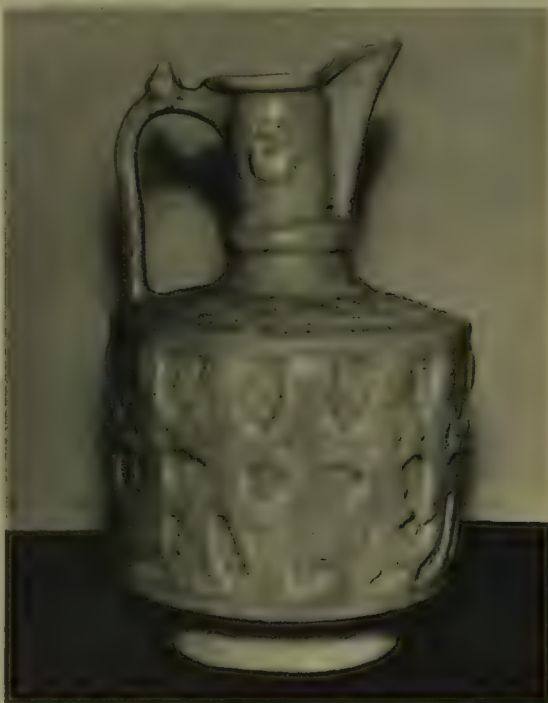


FIG. 1. IN THE BARLOW GIFT OF ISLAMIC POTTERY TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD: A EWER WITH A FRIEZE OF FIGURES IN RELIEF AND COVERED WITH A TURQUOISE-BLUE GLAZE. SULTANABAD, TWELFTH (?) CENTURY. (Height: 10½ ins.) (Museum of Eastern Art, Oxford.)

later, Italy learnt from Islamic Spain that same method, and tin-enamelled wares remained the standard earthenware all over Europe for another 200 years. That circumstance alone should be sufficient to persuade us to regard them with respect. I think all laymen, taking their cue from the experts, must approach the whole subject with exceptional diffidence. Facts are scanty, few kiln sites have been found, documentary evidence hardly exists, craftsmen moved from one centre of political influence to another, many pieces exist in only a fragmentary condition, and, in the not recent past, "restorers" (so-called) have shown marvellous ingenuity in piecing bits together, in adding lost sections, in placing bogus inscriptions on genuine pots and, in short, in making life easy for the unwary and profitable for themselves.



FIG. 4. A PERSIAN WHITE EARTHENWARE BOWL IMITATING CHINESE PORCELAIN: A PIECE FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY IN SIR ALAN BARLOW'S GIFT TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM. (Diameter: 7½ ins.) (Victoria and Albert Museum.)

With all this at the back of one's mind, one can abandon oneself happily to the tentative theories of the specialists in a field so largely unmapped, where a difference of opinion as to dates separated by two or three centuries is by no means unusual, and settle down to enjoy "The-Things-as-They-Are" without worrying overmuch about their historical significance.

Now I come to think of it, there is much to be said in favour of this kind of intellectual laziness; a good pot is timeless, as John Keats pointed out in another connection; its interest does not depend upon whodunit or when, and for pure pleasure these early Islamic pieces, Mesopotamian or Persian, or what have you, have few equals. Here is a miserably small extract from this superb collection, the soft colours of which must be seen before they can be believed. The white earthenware bowl of Fig. 4, the glaze cracked and with a gadroon pattern all round it, is twelfth-century Persian, and clearly intended to imitate the "ying-ching" porcelain of the Sung Dynasty in China. Chinese ceramics had reached the Near East by A.D. 800. There are numerous examples of their influence upon Islamic potters, among them, included in the pieces given by Sir Alan Barlow to the Victoria and Albert Museum, a ninth-century bowl in mottled green, brown and purple closely resembling T'ang Dynasty pottery. Another piece strongly reminiscent of a Chinese original, but with a wholly Persian bird in the centre amid foliage, is seen in Fig. 2—a marvellous dish with the pattern incised in the paste beneath a blue monochrome glaze. Seen in a photograph like this, it reminds one (apart from the distinctive and highly effective stylisation of the bird) of many a fine dish of Chinese Celadon. Fig. 3, which has been ascribed to various dates between the eleventh and thirteenth centuries, is thought to come from Amol, a little town just south of the Caspian Sea. It is a deep dish of reddish earthenware decorated with a pair of



FIG. 3. ASCRIBED TO VARIOUS DATES BETWEEN THE ELEVENTH AND THIRTEENTH CENTURIES AND THOUGHT TO COME FROM AMOL: A DEEP DISH OF REDDISH EARTHENWARE DECORATED IN S'GRAFFIATO. THIS IS ONE OF SOME 160 PIECES GIVEN BY SIR ALAN BARLOW TO OXFORD. (Diameter: 15 ins.) (Museum of Eastern Art, Oxford.)

proud birds on a hatched green ground by the method which the Italians called *s'graffiato*—that is, the design was scratched through the white slip to the clay beneath before the glaze was applied—a method familiar enough in Europe in later centuries.

Finally, amid so many riches, I choose for illustration the ewer of Fig. 1, partly for its form, partly because it is covered with the most exquisite turquoise-blue glaze. The frieze round the sides is composed of a line of figures with inter-laced arms, and

there are stylised animals and birds round the shoulder. Sultanabad: perhaps twelfth century. When the whole collection can be properly displayed at the Ashmolean, visitors will be able to judge for themselves what an important addition it is to the museum. Those pieces which have remained in London are already on view.



PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**JAPAN'S NEW PRIME MINISTER:**  
**MR. NOBOSUKE KISHI.**  
On February 25 Mr. Kishi was elected Prime Minister of Japan in succession to Mr. Ishibashi, who resigned on account of ill health. Mr. Kishi, who is sixty, was previously Foreign Minister, and now combines the post with the Premiership. Since the last general elections Japan has had four Cabinets and three Premiers.



**TO BE OBSERVER AT CAIRO TRIAL:**  
**MR. EDMUND DAVIES, Q.C.**  
Mr. Edmund Davies, Q.C., the Recorder of Cardiff, has been granted permission to obtain a visa to go to Cairo as observer at the trial of the four British subjects accused of spying against Egypt. At the preliminary hearings in court a Swiss lawyer, excluded from the court, was able to consult defence lawyers.



**RETIRING FROM CROSS-CHANNEL SERVICE:** **MR. S. SPRINGGAY.**  
Mr. Sidney Springgay, the Senior Purser of British Railways Southern Region cross-Channel fleet since 1950, retired on Feb. 28. He had worked for the railway company in this region for nearly fifty years; his family's association with the company had lasted 100 years. He had made 25,000 Channel crossings.



**RETIRED FROM THE BANK OF ENGLAND:** **SIR KENNETH PEPPIATT.**  
Sir Kenneth Peppiatt, who has been an executive director of the Bank of England since 1949, retired on February 28 from the Bank. Sir Kenneth was Chief Cashier from 1934-49, during which period his signature appeared on all the banknotes issued.  
*Copyright photograph the Bank of England.*



**COMMAND OF GERMAN ARMED FORCES:** **GENERAL HEUSINGER.**  
Lieut.-General Heusinger has been appointed, from March 1, Head of Department IV (Armed Forces) in the West German Defence Ministry. The appointment will give him control of the three Service departments and will make him senior officer in the Bundeswehr. He will establish the future command structure of the Services.



**(Left.) NOMINATED NEW BISHOP OF NEWCASTLE:** **THE VERY REV. H. E. ASHDOWN.**  
The nomination of the Very Rev. Hugh Edward Ashdown for election by the Chapter of Newcastle as Bishop of Newcastle has been approved by the Queen, it was announced on Feb. 27. The Very Rev. Ashdown is Provost of Southwark Cathedral, Rector of St. Saviour with St. Peter's, Southwark, and Chaplain to her Majesty. He was educated at Keble, Oxford, and Lincoln Theological College.



**MR. VINCENT MASSEY, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA, IN A FAMILY GROUP TAKEN ON THE OCCASION OF HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.**  
Mr. Vincent Massey, the Governor-General of Canada and the first Canadian to hold this post, was seventy on February 20. He received many messages of congratulation and tributes on the occasion. The portrait above the group of Mr. Massey's family is of his late wife.

**(Right.) WORLD NEWS-FILM SERVICE:** **MR. KENNETH DICK.**  
Mr. Kenneth Dick, formerly Assistant Head of the B.B.C. Television News Department, has been appointed Managing Editor of the newly-formed British Commonwealth International Newsfilm Agency Limited. The Agency, which started business on Feb. 27, will supply news-film to subscribers anywhere in the world. The B.B.C., Canadian and Australian broadcasting authorities and the Rank group set up the Agency.



**(Right.) AN ANTI-EOKA TRIUMPH: SECOND LIEUT. JOHN MIDDLETON.**  
Second Lieutenant John Middleton, a Greek-speaking liaison officer with the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, led the party of troops who, on information from a shepherd, found a terrorist hide-out near the Makheras Monastery in Cyprus and killed Gregoris Afxentiou, the second-in-command to Colonel Grivas of the Eoka terrorists. Afxentiou was killed after he had refused to surrender.



**(Left.) A FORMER GARTER KING OF ARMS DIES:** **SIR G. WOLLASTON.**  
Sir Gerald Wollaston, who was Garter Principal King of Arms from 1930 until his retirement in 1944, died at the age of 82 on March 4. Since 1944 he had been Norroy and Ulster King of Arms. Early in his career Sir Gerald had studied law, later devoting all his time to heraldry. He took part in the Queen's Coronation and in other important Royal events of recent years.



**A FORTUNE HANGING IN THE BALANCE:** **MRS. VIVIENNE NEARING AND MR. CHARLES VAN DOREN IN AN EXCITING AMERICAN TV QUIZ.**  
Mr. Charles van Doren had at the time of writing won \$51,070 in the American television quiz programme "Twenty-One." He had twice tied with a formidable challenger, Mrs. Vivienne Nearing, and with stakes getting higher with each tie, he then stood to increase his winnings by as much as \$15,000 or to lose them to Mrs. Nearing.



**A BRITISH ARTIST WINS 10,000-DOLLAR AWARD:** **PRESIDENT EISENHOWER PRESENTING THE FIRST GUGGENHEIM INTERNATIONAL AWARD TO MR. BEN NICHOLSON.**  
The first Guggenheim International Award for 10,000 dollars (\$3750) has been won by the British artist, Mr. Ben Nicholson, who was presented with the award by President Eisenhower in Washington on February 25. In the centre of the photograph is Mr. H. F. Guggenheim, chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Solomon Guggenheim Foundation.



## FROM FAR AND NEAR: PRINCESS CAROLINE'S CHRISTENING; AND OTHER NEWS EVENTS.



IN THE COURTYARD OF THE PALACE AT MONACO: PRINCESS GRACE PRESENTING HER BABY DAUGHTER TO THE PEOPLE.

On March 2, Princess Caroline, the infant daughter of Princess Grace and Prince Rainier of Monaco, was presented to the people of Monaco at a traditional ceremony which was held in the courtyard of the palace at Monaco. On the following day Princess Caroline Louise Marguerite was christened amid great pomp in Monaco Cathedral.



AFTER PRINCESS CAROLINE'S CHRISTENING: THE BABY'S PARENTS, PRINCE RAINIER AND PRINCESS GRACE, LEAVING MONACO CATHEDRAL.



IN EDINBURGH: LORD ROWALLAN, THE CHIEF SCOUT, BEING PRESENTED BY THE LORD PROVOST WITH A CASKET CONTAINING THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY.



IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: THE MARRIAGE OF MR. P. KENNEDY-MOFFAT AND MISS M. ARMITAGE.

On March 1 Mr. Peter Kennedy-Moffat married Miss Margaret Armitage, daughter of the Rev. Cyril Armitage, in the Henry VII Chapel at Westminster Abbey. The bride was christened and confirmed at the Abbey, where her father, who is now Rector of St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, was Precentor from 1934 to 1951.



RECOVERED FROM THE ASHES OF POMPEII: A TERRACOTTA STATUE OF A ROMAN GLADIATOR IN FULL BATTLEDRESS BY AN UNKNOWN SCULPTOR.



UGANDA'S NEW GOVERNOR SWORN-IN: SIR FREDERICK CRAWFORD, LISTENING TO AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY THE CHIEF JUSTICE IN KAMPALA.

Sir Frederick Crawford, who has succeeded Sir Andrew Cohen as Governor of Uganda, was sworn-in at a ceremony held outside the High Court building in Kampala on February 26. The oaths were administered by the Chief Justice of Uganda, Mr. Audley McKisack, Q.C. A guard of honour was mounted by men of the 4th (Uganda) Battalion, the King's African Rifles who, with the K.A.R. Band, were present at the ceremony.



WRECKED BY I.R.A. MEN: THE ENGINE AND ONE SHATTERED WAGON OF A GOODS TRAIN AFTER IT HAD CRASHED INTO THE BUFFERS AT LONDONDERRY STATION. I.R.A. terrorist activity was renewed on March 2 in Northern Ireland. On the Republican side of the border three masked gunmen stopped a Great Northern Railway goods train, ordered the crew out, drove the train near to Londonderry, and then, after opening the throttle, leapt clear. The train crashed through the buffers in Londonderry Station and seven wagons were wrecked. Damage was estimated at £20,000, but no one was injured.



A NEW ADDITION TO THE WORLD'S COLLECTION  
OF LARGE DIAMONDS: A 128-CARAT PEAR-SHAPED  
AND BLUE-WHITE STONE.



THE LARGE DIAMOND BELONGING TO MR. HARRY WINSTON, OF NEW YORK, IN ITS ROUGH STATE, WHEN IT WEIGHED 426½ CARATS.  
(Reproduced actual size; the coin is a penny.)



THE PEAR-SHAPED CUT DIAMOND, WHICH WEIGHS 128.25 CARATS AND IS CLAIMED TO HAVE 143 FACETS, COMPARED WITH AN AMERICAN 25-CENT PIECE. (Actual size.)



THE MANY FACETS OF THE RECENTLY CUT DIAMOND: IN COLOUR IT IS SAID TO HAVE A PURE BLUE-WHITE BRILLIANCE. THE STONE HAS BEEN PRICED AT £714,000.

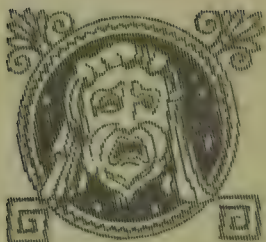
Mr. Harry Winston, the well-known New York jeweller, recently announced the successful cutting of a large diamond which he bought a year ago. It has been made into a pear-shaped stone weighing 128.25 carats. It is still unnamed, and it has been priced at £714,000. It has a pure blue-white brilliance and has been claimed to be one of the most perfect ever found in South Africa. The stone is just under 2 inches long, just over an inch wide and three-quarters of an inch thick. Although a large diamond, several larger ones have been found and larger cut stones also exist. The largest diamond ever found was



A MODEL DISPLAYING THE DIAMOND. THE STONE IS JUST UNDER 2 INCHES LONG, JUST OVER AN INCH WIDE AND IS THREE-QUARTERS OF AN INCH THICK. THE CUTTING IS SAID TO HAVE TAKEN A TOTAL OF 1400 HOURS.

the *Cullinan*, which weighed 3106 carats in its rough state when it was found in South Africa in 1905. It was presented, in 1907, to King Edward VII. The *Cullinan* was cut into nine brilliants and a number of smaller stones. The largest brilliant from the *Cullinan*, the *Star of Africa*, No. 1, is pear-shaped and weighs 530.2 carats. It adorns an item of the British Regalia—the Royal Sceptre. Mr. Winston's diamond is said to have altogether 143 facets and he has described it as a gem "worthy of a queen." The cutting is said to have taken a total of 1400 hours.





## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



### THE LOST PRINCESS?

By ALAN DENT.

IN the middle of the year 1953 a drama called "Anastasia," from the French of Marcelle Maurette, was shown on B.B.C. Television and had an immediate and striking success. Owing to the appreciation and prompt action of Sir Laurence Olivier the whole production, by John Counsell, of Windsor, was transferred to the live stage of the St. James's Theatre in a matter of days. It had the same three central performances which made it so instantaneous a success in the other medium. Mary Kerridge was the eponymous young woman who was proved, or all but proved, to be the surviving youngest daughter of the Russian Royal family which was butchered in 1918. Anthony Ireland contributed a nice study of rascally suavity as the head of the conspiracy of money-grubbers anxious to prove the identity of the Archduchess Anastasia to their own huge profit, though the group did not themselves believe in her.

Most memorable of all, the veteran English actress, Helen Haye, played the mother of the last of the Czars, and put up what would be a marvellous performance by an actress of any age. I wrote at the time that it was witty and clever of Miss Haye, who has now been on the stage for fifty-eight years, to wait all that time before giving the best performance of her career. Her dowager was a woman of overpowering breeding, exquisite melancholy, towering humanity. She was a great lady whose heart was in the past, though it still beat in the present. She was as proud and as gracious as a Chopin Polonaise played by a master, and a Russian master at that. On the same occasion Miss Kerridge unfolded the varied and difficult rôle of Anastasia herself with remarkable sensitivity. At the end of the play we were all but convinced that Anastasia was no impostor, and the small amount of doubt still lingering only added to the piquancy of the situation and the

Anastasia?" and was made in Germany with a German cast, but with the Hollywood star, Lilli Palmer, in the part of Anastasia. This is an episodic, documentary film. It makes no pretence to be a rounded piece of fiction, and it is in black-and-white. But it will prove just as interesting, indeed even more interesting, to those who are enthralled by the real-life mystery as distinct from

#### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



HELEN HAYES AS THE DOWAGER EMPRESS IN HER MEMORABLE SCENE WITH ANASTASIA (INGRID BERGMAN) IN 20TH CENTURY-FOX'S "ANASTASIA."

In choosing Miss Haye, Alan Dent writes: "There has been much comparison-drawing about the respective merits of Ingrid Bergman and Lilli Palmer, who both play Anastasia in the two films on the same subject which have arrived together—'Anastasia' and 'Is Anna Anderson Anastasia?' My own conclusions are embodied in this article, but the towering performance seems to me to be that of Helen Haye, who plays the late Czar's mother in the former film. She is one of the supreme ornaments of the American stage, where her greatest success was as Queen Victoria in Laurence Housman's 'Victoria Regina.' In the film's culminating episode, the scene of recognition or near-recognition, she even makes us forget, momentarily, the wonderful performance of the dowager by our own Helen Haye in the original play in 1953."

the glamourised mystery of the coloured film. It gives us case-book testimony. It purports, very convincingly, to be the history of one actual Anna Anderson who for thirty-seven years has been a figure of international intrigue. She has a passport in the name of Anna Anderson, though she also calls herself Chikovsky after the man whom, she alleges, saved her and whom she afterwards married in Bucharest.

Gunter Matern, the producer of this film, went to see this lonely woman in the hut she now inhabits in the Black Forest. She has a companion and she usually refuses to interview anyone excepting her lawyers, who for many years have been trying to establish her identity as Anastasia Romanoff, the youngest daughter of the last Czar. She gave to Matern the film-rights of her life-story, from which she will receive only a small percentage of the profits.

The one weakness in this remarkably strong and stark film seems to me the opening scene. It is the photographed testimony of the peasant who saved Anastasia. We see him waiting with a rough cart. We see, from outside, the Russian Royal family walking along a lighted corridor on the first floor of the palace or country-mansion at Ekaterinburg, and shortly afterwards we hear shots ringing out and bundles, exactly like so many rolled-up carpets, being thrown into a waiting

van. The particular carpet which is supposed to be Anastasia is, on the other hand, thrown into the peasant's little cart, which is immediately driven away. Here we clamour for far more information as to how exactly the rescued party escaped with no more than a slight head-wound, who connived at her escape, and why. The information is not granted.

But all that follows has the conviction of truth about it, and the conviction has valuable strengthening from Lilli Palmer's poignant and deeply moving performance. Miss Bergman in the other film seems to me to have been somewhat over-praised. Miss Palmer in this one has certainly been considerably under-praised. The fate of the character she plays is different and is declared to be factual. She is taken to New York (not to Paris as in the other film) and there she is declared to be insane. But when she is deported back to Germany the doctors there pronounce her mentally fit and she is released. She makes her way to the Black Forest, where she lives for a time like a hunted creature, but is eventually given the harbourage of a Nissen-type hut by the Duke of Saxon-Altenburg. Miss Palmer plays harrowingly enough to convince us that she really is Anna Anderson, who in turn has, beyond a doubt, convinced herself, if not the Courts of Law, that she really is Anastasia.

Miss Bergman, on the other hand, merely convinces us that she is a good and handsome actress brilliantly impersonating an impostor who—in the manner of Eliza Doolittle in the hands of Professor Higgins in Shaw's comedy—is moulded into a princess by a gang suavely and shingly led by Mr. Brynner. This film—the one called "Anastasia"—errs just a little on the side of slickness. It is, in short, just a shade too slick to give the illusion of reality. But it has one electrifying scene in which both Miss Haye and Miss Bergman are at



"AN EPISODIC, DOCUMENTARY FILM": "IS ANNA ANDERSON ANASTASIA?"—A SHOT FROM THIS GERMAN FILM OF "THE UNKNOWN" (LILLI PALMER) IN THE ILTEN MENTAL HOME AFTER HER DEPORTATION FROM AMERICA. (LONDON PREMIERE: BERKELEY CINEMA, FEBRUARY 20.)

setting, without detracting from it. Miss Haye's performance has been excitedly talked about by play-lovers ever since.

Time quick-marched on, as Time will. And now suddenly, within the same week, cinema-lovers are regaled with two films, both on the subject of the strange lost soul who may or may not be Anastasia but who is still alive enough to fight law-cases on the subject of her identity. One of the films is called "Anastasia" and is as glossy and as coloured as CinemaScope can make it. It is directly founded on the Marcelle Maurette play. It is sumptuously directed by Anatole Litvak, and it has a superlatively famous and distinguished cast, including Ingrid Bergman as Anastasia, Yul Brynner—still as bald as his delightful Siamese monarch in "The King and I"—as the head of the conspirators, Martita Hunt with some welcome gusts of humour as a lady-in-waiting, and the major American actress Helen Hayes (with final "s," please note) as the dowager. This might be described as the garnished version.

The other is the ungarnished film-version. It is called "Is Anna Anderson



"AS GLOSSY AND AS COLOURED AS CINEMASCOPE CAN MAKE IT": "ANASTASIA"—A SCENE FROM THE AMERICAN FILM SHOWING PETROVIN (SASHA PITOEFF; LEFT) AND BOUNINE (YUL BRYNNER) COACHING ANASTASIA (INGRID BERGMAN) IN HER PART AS THE DAUGHTER OF THE CZAR. (LONDON PREMIERE: CARLTON THEATRE, FEBRUARY 21.)

their very best—the scene in Copenhagen in which the impostor comes near to convincing the dowager that she really is her lost grand-daughter.

This is breath-taking, and it lasts something like ten minutes. Miss Bergman is quite superb and subtle here, and Miss Hayes gives clear evidence that she is one of the best actresses now living. Elsewhere she is not a whit better than our own Miss Haye.

Let the reader note that I have been deliberately factual and categorical in my description of the legend, the play, and the two films. There seems to be considerable muddle in the minds of everyone as to some of the details and sources. This page this week is an attempt to clarify the muddle.

#### OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"BABY DOLL" (Generally Released; February 25).—Torrid, sultry, and intense—deplorable but not easily resisted—a tale of revenge by Tennessee Williams, directed by Elia Kazan.

"THE OPPOSITE SEX" (Generally Released; March 4).—Clare Boothe Luce's memorably witty play, "The Women," loses much of its salt and savour by the addition of men and songs.

"ILL MET BY MOONLIGHT" (Generally Released; March 4).—A German general is kidnapped by the British in Crete, with the kidnappers very engagingly led by Dirk Bogarde. A true yarn with the genuine Cretan atmosphere. Fairly warmly recommended.



FROM LIFE-RAFTS TO HELICOPTERS: THE ROVING CAMERA AT HOME AND ABROAD.



MAKING ITS FIRST AND SUCCESSFUL TEST FLIGHT AT HATFIELD, HERTS: THE DE HAVILLAND COMET III, A PROTOTYPE FOR THE IV AND IV A.  
On Feb. 25 the de Havilland Comet III, a new version of the Comet airliner fitted with more powerful Rolls-Royce Avon jet engines and with other modifications, made a first test flight from Hatfield. The Comet III is to be developed as a prototype for the IV and IV A, which have been ordered by B.O.A.C. and Capital Airlines of America.



A SABENA HELICOPTER SERVICE BETWEEN BRUSSELS AND PARIS INAUGURATED. A SIKORSKY HELICOPTER LANDING AT THE HELIPORT IN THE CENTRE OF PARIS.  
A helicopter service between Paris and Brussels was inaugurated when eight helicopters, carrying 100 passengers, flew from Brussels to Paris. The heliports are in the city centres and the journey is thus reduced by 1½ hours.



RESCUING A GERMAN JAM FACTORY'S STORE OF APPLES. THE APPLES HAD BEEN STORED IN A GRAVEL PIT WHICH, DUE TO RISING SURFACE WATER, BECAME FLOODED. THE FACTORY IS NEAR BONN.



CARRYING A HIGH-POWERED RADAR DEVICE ON ITS BACK: A NEW AIRCRAFT FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY DESIGNED TO GIVE EARLY WARNING OF ATTACKING ENEMY SEA OR AIR FORCES.



INSPECTING AN INFLATABLE LIFE-RAFT OF THE TYPE RESPONSIBLE FOR SAVING AT LEAST FIFTY-SEVEN LIVES AT SEA LAST YEAR: MR. AIREY NEAVE, M.P.  
On Feb. 22 Mr. Airey Neave, M.P., Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation, visited the factory at Godalming of the R.F.D. Company who produce life-rafts of the kind which have recently been responsible for greatly reducing the number of lives lost at sea, in particular among fishing-boat crews.



ON SHOW AT THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION, OLYMPIA: A PILE OF GOLD INGOTS WORTH £1,000,000.  
One of the exhibits at the Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition consists of a pile of 200 gold ingots worth £1,000,000 and a collection of gold coins lent by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths and the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. It is claimed to be the most valuable exhibit ever displayed in this country.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## RE-ENTER MAGDA.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT is long since Max Beerbohm wrote what he called a Drinking Song. It began: "In days of yore the drama throve within our storm-bound coasts; The Independent Theatre gave performances of 'Ghosts,' and it went on to the lines:

Then, oh, just wasn't Sudermann a name to  
conjure with?  
Echegaray to us was kin, and Bjornson Bjornson  
kith. . . .

John Fernald and his students, at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, have been showing why Sudermann was once "a name to conjure with." To young playgoers he means little; certainly, anyone who has seen "Magda" acted must look dubiously in the mirror. Until R.A.D.A. did it at the Vanbrugh, it had not been revived in London for twenty-seven years.

That is astonishing when we think what "Magda" meant to such players as Bernhardt and Duse, and, on a lower rung, Mrs. Patrick Campbell. It was a dramatic exercise. The rebel from a rigid home, who returns in triumph as a famous opera-singer, and who finds herself again in bondage, is a part for an actress able to scorch the theatre. I had met the play in February 1928. It was a bad period for a little Repertory; but its producer, who had done "A Woman of No Importance" in the previous week, and who would be going on to "A Country Mouse" (the Duke of St. Kitts, Lord Robert Wyckham, and Jephcot, a butler), was quite prepared to stab at "Mrs. Patrick Campbell's great success, by Hermann Sudermann, translated by Louis N. Parker, from the Royalty Theatre, London." I wonder sometimes what happened to the dear actress of Magda. Always she could take a stage, though when she had it she seldom knew just what to do with it.

It was the great virtue of Sian Phillips, the twenty-three-year-old R.A.D.A. actress, that she did know how to use the stage. I found it an unexpected pleasure to watch scene after scene raised in something like the grand manner. Even if "Magda" may not return to the regular theatre, all with any instinct for stage history, and any sense of occasion, must thank Mr. Fernald and Miss Phillips for pulling back the curtain for a moment to reveal the picture. (The play will be acted again in public during the spring.)

I came back, hot-foot as they used to say in the fustian-dramas, to rummage in stage records. Shaw, of course, had his word. If you look in the index of "Our Theatres in the 'Nineties," you will find: "Magda," see "Home." There is another entry, "Heimat," see "Home" ("Magda"). Sudermann set his play—the period is 1893—"in the home of Colonel Schwartze, in a provincial capital of the old German Empire." The atmosphere is rigidly Prussian. The Colonel, an aged martinet, says: "In this house rules old-fashioned parental authority." Magda, emancipated rebel, back after a dozen years, finds all as before; the conventions of "home" seize her just as, in a forgotten Victorian novel, steel bands suddenly pinion a victim to his chair. Shaw, discussing that fabulous week in 1895 when Duse and Bernhardt each acted Magda in London within a few days, insists that the main theme is "the revolt of the modern woman against that ideal of home which exacts the sacrifice of her whole life to its care, not by her grace, and as its own sole help and refuge, but as a right which it has to the services of all females as abject slaves." True; but rapidly "Magda" became less a thesis-play than an exercise for a player, a "vehicle."

However, in 1895, Shaw tells us, Duse established the theme at once. Bernhardt did not worry about it. She gave what Shaw called a very clever performance that, within forty-eight hours, so comparatively quiet a talent as Duse's had "annihilated." Bernhardt's idolaters must be angered still by the essay in which Shaw talks of "the poor little octave and a half on which Sarah Bernhardt plays such pretty canzonets and stirring marches." In his view, she "never entered into a leading character; she substituted herself for it." Duse made of any part a

Miss Phillips, at the Vanbrugh, may not have blushed; I cannot say now whether (as another fine actress did) she turned white. But at that moment she was certainly Magda. Throughout, she did more than we could have hoped in indicating a part for which there is tremendous preparation—a "build-up," as we say now. When Magda does arrive during the second act, it is as if trumpets have been fanfaring for half-an-hour and more. (One thinks of that other long wait for the entry of Tartuffe.)

I was describing the past of "Magda." The play reappears in Shaw's volume during 1896. Mrs. Campbell had done it, in Parker's version, at the Lyceum, and Shaw was merciless. When von Keller's card was brought in, Mrs. Campbell "did not display as much feeling as an ordinary woman of fifty does at the arrival of the postman." She failed, too—so we are told—with the line that precipitates the father's fatal stroke, "How do you know that he was the only one?" Shaw said that here a Magda must let the line do its own work after she has prepared the way, made the situation live. I am bold enough to feel that even G.B.S. might have not faulted Miss Phillips at this point.

The Lyceum production crumpled utterly. Yet, four years later, at the Royalty, again with Mrs. Campbell, "Magda" was a triumph. "Such," she wrote in her autobiography—and it ought to have been in italics—"Such is the battle of the theatre." Mrs. Pat still had "Magda" in her repertory during the 1920s. Graham Robertson felt in 1900 that she had either completely reconsidered the character, or had taken real interest in it for the first time: he preferred her to Bernhardt or to Duse (who "quite simply substituted her favourite character, the noble, oppressed, misunderstood Martyr, for the character in the play").

Later, Magda was acted in London by Gladys Cooper (1923) and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies (1930). James Agate called it "an Alpine part. . . . We cannot help remembering the prowess the great climbers achieved in it." Some of us were undoubtedly remembering this while we applauded Miss Phillips and Mr. Fernald. The play, written in "Tanqueray" year—and, like Pinero's drama, commercialised Ibsen—may not be more than a vigorous theatrical invention, a *pièce de théâtre*, with our old friend, the woman with a past, in high bloom; but it is by no means a play to mock. It might well go into Edwige Feuillère's repertory. We are seeing her now in "La Dame aux Camélias." Magda is the kind of show-piece to partner that.

I have left little room to speak of another, and a very different, father-daughter drama, Henry de Montherlant's "The Master of Santiago." It is the first of two plays by Montherlant, in their acute Jonathan Griffin translations, that Donald Wolfit is doing at the Lyric, Hammersmith. I cannot say that he is really fitted to the rigid, single-minded Castilian knight—the year is 1519—who, not content with seeking renunciation, the monastic life, must also urge his daughter to take the veil. An austere play (in the spirit of an El Greco portrait), it is uncompromising in argument, moving in recollection. Mr. Wolfit may find "Malatesta" better suited to his temperament and attack; but we ought to be grateful to him for presenting a very difficult play.

Doubtless I should be grateful to the company of the Theatre Royal, Stratford, for reviving "The Duchess of Malfi." Here, alas, only two figures in Webster's tragedy (from some flame-lit vault of the Renaissance) genuinely came over: Howard Gorney's Cardinal and the Bosola of Dudley Foster. I wonder what Sian Phillips might make of the Duchess?



A THRILLER WHICH OPENED AT THE SAVOY THEATRE ON FEBRUARY 27: IAN MAIN'S PLAY, "SUBWAY IN THE SKY"—SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH MAJOR BAXTER GRANT (ZACHARY SCOTT) MAKES A CONFESSION TO DINAH HOLLAND (MARGARET LOCKWOOD).



A FATHER-DAUGHTER DRAMA: HENRY DE MONTERLANT'S "THE MASTER OF SANTIAGO" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH), SHOWING THE KNIGHTS OF THE ORDER OF SANTIAGO IN A SCENE FROM THE PLAY—(L. TO R.) DON ENRIQUE (RONALD HARWOOD), VARGAS (JOSEPH CHELTON), OBREGON (NORMAN CLARIDGE), OLMEDA (LLEWELLYN REES), DON BERNAL (AUSTIN TREVOR) AND DON ALVARO (DONALD WOLFIT).

separate creation. I found again in the "Magda" essay Shaw's description of Duse's blush when von Keller's card was handed to her, and she knew she must face in her old home her seducer of years before, the father of her child. The blush, said Shaw, "seemed to me a perfectly genuine effect of the dramatic imagination."

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS" (Palace).—Edwige Feuillère, as Marguerite, begins her London season. (March 4.)  
"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA" (Old Vic).—Keith Michell as Antony; Margaret Whiting as Cleopatra; Robert Helpmann's production. (March 5.)  
"DR. FAUSTUS" (Playhouse, Oxford).—O.U.D.S. revival, produced by Nevill Coghill. (March 5.)  
"NEW PLAYWRIGHTS 1957" (New Lindsey).—Extracts from plays by dramatists whose work has not been done on the English stage. (March 6.)  
"A HATFUL OF RAIN" (Princes).—Michael V. Gazzo's drama of a New York drug addict, produced by Sam Wanamaker. (March 7.)



# THREE LONDON EXHIBITIONS: OLD MASTERS, AYRTON AND LORD METHUEN.



"HANDSTAND"; A STRIKING BRONZE BY MICHAEL AYRTON IN HIS EXHIBITION AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES, LEICESTER SQUARE, WHICH CONTINUES UNTIL MARCH 21.



"FIGURES IN BALANCE"; ONE OF MICHAEL AYRTON'S PRELIMINARY STUDIES WHICH ARE SHOWN WITH THE SCULPTURE AND PROVIDE A VALUABLE INSIGHT INTO HIS WORK. HE CONSIDERS SCULPTURE AS AN "EXTENSION" OF DRAWING. (Pencil and wash; 16½ by 10½ ins.)



"ACROBATS." MR. AYRTON HAS PLACED HIS SMALL ACROBATIC FIGURES ON RELATIVELY HIGH WROUGHT-IRON STRUCTURES TO GIVE THEM THE IMPRESSION OF BEING SUSPENDED IN SPACE AND TO ACHIEVE A FEELING OF TENSION.



"STILL LIFE WITH PIPE," BY JAN FRIS (1627-72): IN THE EXHIBITION OF "PICTURES FOR THE COLLECTOR" AT THE ALFRED BROD GALLERY, SACKVILLE STREET. (Oil on panel; 17½ by 15 ins.)



"A DAPPLE-GREY IN A LANDSCAPE," BY PAULUS POTTER (1625-54), WHO WAS MOST PROLIFIC DESPITE HIS EARLY DEATH. SIGNED AND DATED, 1649. (Oil on panel; 10½ by 10 ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF AN OLD MAN": AN IMPRESSIVE WORK IN THE BROD EXHIBITION BY SALOMON KONINCK (1609-56), A FOLLOWER OF REMBRANDT. SIGNED AND DATED, 1642. (Oil on panel; 25 by 21 ins.)



(Left.) "SIENA"; IN THE EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOURS AND DRAWINGS BY LORD METHUEN, A.R.A., ALSO AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES. (Pen and ink and water-colours; 10½ by 14½ ins.)

(Right.) "STILL LIFE WITH FRUIT ON A STONE LEDGE," BY THE ITALIAN ARTIST M. DI CAMPIDOGGIO (1610-70). IT IS INTERESTING TO COMPARE THIS WITH THE DUTCH STILL LIVES ALSO IN THE BROD EXHIBITION. (Oil on canvas; 18½ by 25 ins.)



In his most impressive exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, Michael Ayrton shows none of his paintings but only sculpture, and drawings associated with it. The exhibition is dominated by the huge bronze "Bather with a Child II," around which the small bronzes of acrobats seem almost to float. The exhibition shows further progressive development in the work of this gifted artist, who is in his middle thirties and only began to sculpt in 1953. Also at the Leicester Galleries Lord Methuen, A.R.A., is showing fifty drawings and

water-colours, mostly of scenes in France and Italy. This is Lord Methuen's eleventh London exhibition. The architectural drawings and the urban scenes are particularly striking. There are some thirty works by a great variety of artists at the interesting exhibition of "Pictures for the Collector," which continues in the Alfred Brod Gallery until March 30. Here indeed the collector will be able to find good examples of the work of some of lesser Old Masters, mostly Dutch but also one or two French and Italian.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

EACH of this week's novels might be classed as romantic comedy, but that does not mean they are at all like each other. I shall begin with the most eccentric and coruscating, and the least cosy. If "whimsical" had not such a debased aura, one could apply it to "The Flutterings of the Heart," by Félicien Marceau (Arthur Barker; 12s. 6d.): though at first we get no warning of oddity but the style. For the tale is opened, and occasionally resumed, by M. Vasselard the antique-dealer; and his predicament seems trite and squalid enough. He is a middle-aged tradesman with a pseudo-distinguished air, a determined wife and three children, who has been induced to take on a girl assistant. Denise is twenty-eight, and has a full figure. Mme. Vasselard is flat-chested. Therefore, and because he and Denise are cheek by jowl all day long, the antique-dealer succumbs frantically. He is found out. Mme. Vasselard makes no scene, but remarks that night that "Denise won't be coming any more." She has had a talk with the father, M. de Gaugrand. . . .

Here we leave the seducer and take off into the fantastic. The Gaugrands are decayed gentry. They have a large house at Bièvres, gradually shrinking as room after room becomes uninhabitable. "That makes one less," Gaugrand would say to himself with a strange relief. Since the couple had always aspired to live like moles, the Occupation just suited them, and they forbore to emerge. The formidable Mme. de Gaugrand treats her house like a station waiting-room, speaks little, and for six months in the year keeps her hat and coat on. She has not the least interest in Denise. Gaugrand loves his daughter, but with the passivity of a bystander. And the girl has become a zombie. She was a romping child, though not active-minded; now she does, says and even looks nothing. Yet underneath, something is alive—for she returns to Vasselard's shop like a homing pigeon. She stands watching it by the hour. Her "lover" can't shoo her away; her father can't keep her away. At least, not till he has imprisoned her in her room with the shutters nailed down.

But there is a human being in the house: the little elderly factotum called Minon. This little creature enrolls three chivalrous and romantic schoolboys to steal the victim by night, put her in a hotel and bring Vasselard to the rescue. . . .

One wouldn't expect a happy ending. Indeed, it would be a ghastly comedy if Denise were not a zombie. As it is, we don't get close enough to be heart-wrung; while the fantastic household at Bièvres, the romantic freshness of the three schoolboys, the whole buoyant and witty spirit is a startling delight.

## OTHER FICTION.

"The Eye of Love," by Margery Sharp (Collins; 13s. 6d.), has none of this airy genius; it goes on wheels, and is the kind of thing scores of novelists would do if they could. At 5, Alcock Road, Paddington, the emaciated Miss Diver (*née* Hogg, and self-styled Dolores) has been nestling for ten years under the wing of her Big Harry, or Bluff King Hal—otherwise Hairy Gibson, the furrier. Harry, unlike his parents, is positively all-British, but was not British enough to think of marrying a shopgirl. Dolores understood; and now, when the Depression is forcing him into amalgamation with Joyces and the arms of Miranda Joyce, she still understands. Heart-broken, they part for ever. . . .

But it is six months till the wedding day. Meanwhile their separate agonies are a game; an absurd and touching game, brilliantly relieved by the squat and stolid child genius who is Dolores' niece. In the dexterous conduct of the story, its charm and keeping, its amusingness at all points, we have something rare.

"A Fugue of Cinderellas," by Bryan Guinness (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), is a very small, formal comedy. George has a lovely old house near Venice, with a little silk-factory, managed by Angelica, whom he loves. Also he has an ex-wife and two young daughters: while his brother Charles has an ex-wife and one daughter, and has married again. Whereas Angelica won't have George, because of the wife. Now Charles, Ann and the girls have arrived from England; but Charles's daughter was not expected, so she can't come to the ball. She is Cinderella the First; but all that night they are swapping rôles, and next day everything has come right for everyone, George included. Neat, pretty and sedate.

"Ransom of the Angel," by David Dodge (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), opens at Monaco, on a yacht skippered by conscientious Sam Blake for a drunken multimillionaire playboy named Freddy Farr. First we have the reconnoitring girl-in-trouble. Next morning Freddy arrives with a group of guests; whereupon the trick is completed, and the Angel kidnapped for ransom. Freddy signs a cheque under torture, and one man goes to collect from a bank in Switzerland. Meanwhile the Angel will cruise around; and on his return the party may be set free, though it becomes more and more unlikely. . . . A familiar theme, with all the normal ingredients of suspense, sentiment and romance. But it is first-class of its type, and, indeed, as gripping a thriller as I have read for ages.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

IT would be difficult to name any other country of its size, about which we hear so little as of Rumania. This is as true of Chess as of everyday affairs.

The game herewith, however, from the 1956 Rumanian championship, has been going round the world.

## SICILIAN DEFENCE.

| CIOALTEA  | GHITESCU | CIOALTEA   | GHITESCU |
|-----------|----------|------------|----------|
| White     | Black    | White      | Black    |
| 1. P-K4   | P-QB4    | 7. Castles | B-K2     |
| 2. Kt-KB3 | Kt-QB3   | 8. B-K3    | Castles  |
| 3. P-Q4   | P×P      | 9. B-Kt3   | Kt-QR4   |
| 4. Kt×P   | Kt-B3    | 10. P-B4   | P-QKt3   |
| 5. Kt-QB3 | P-Q3     | 11. P-K5   | Kt-K1    |
| 6. B-QB4  | P-K3     | 12. P-B5   | QP×P     |

(Black.)



(White.)

The entire remainder of this little game coruscates with brilliance.

13. P×P!! P-B3

13. . . . P×Kt; 14. P×Pch, K-R1; 15. P×Kt (Q) leaves Black a pawn down. 13. . . . Kt×B; 14. Kt-B6! is more dangerous (14. . . . Q×Q? 15. Kt×Bch, K-R1; 16. QR×Q, etc.; or 13. . . . Q-B2; 14. Kt-Q5!!—have a look at it!)

13. . . . B×P might perhaps have been better than the move chosen, for 14. Kt×B, Q×Q; 15. QR×Q, P×Kt; 16. B×Pch, K-R1 seems to leave Black with a just about tenable game.

14. Kt-B5 Kt×B

Too late! Again, 14. . . . Q×Q would have foundered against the intermediate 15. Kt×Bch.

15. Kt-Q5!! K-R1

Move fifteen only—yet Black is hopelessly lost. There is no rational way to defend the twice-attacked bishop, and any move by it would allow 16. P-K7.

15. . . . Kt×R, grabbing what he can, might be a reasonable proposition, were it not that Black is threatened, by 16. Kt(Q5)×Bch, with loss of his queen.

16. RP×Kt

Black's bishop will keep; nothing can be done about it. Black now played 16. . . . B×P, but resigned without awaiting White's reply; after 17. Kt(Q5)×B, he is a piece down without any compensation to speak of.

## "BLOOMSBURY," A HAPPY MARRIAGE AND COFFEE-HOUSES.

FOR many years now, Sir Arnold Lunn, the author of "Memory to Memory" (Hollis and Carter; 21s.), has been a most admirable "Malleus Mugwumporum"—or Hammer of the Wets. I have, from time to time, teased him about writing his autobiography at least three times a year. This new book, however, has, even more than its predecessors, the incisive wit informed by Christianity which one has come to expect from this widely cultured and excellent polemist. Sir Arnold is not merely "the Pope of ski-ing" (which puts his wife Lady Mabel and his six grandchildren in a slightly equivocal theological light!), but he is as lively a propagandist for all the things which this reviewer, at least, regards as being right in our

miserable world, as can be found. His pointed witticisms are the discards of his deep culture and wide reading. Sir Arnold has carried out hundreds of successful forays against the left-wing intellectuals who, when properly attacked, show themselves to be as shallow-rooted as the normal fairly well-educated member of the public would suspect them of being. Naturally in "Memory to Memory" there is much about the high mountains, but the theme which runs through it, the ultimate debunking of the Bloomsbury leaders, makes this book probably the most important Sir Arnold has written. For if this economically beleaguered island, grossly overpopulated in relation to its capacity to feed itself, is now dangerously on the defensive, it is due largely to the undermining of the "opinion-forming classes"—politicians, writers, journalists, broadcasters—by the Bloomsbury intellectuals. Sir Arnold's hammering of this effete but dangerous collection could not be bettered. He quotes with most proper approval the paragraph from Dr. Monk Gibbons' autobiography as follows:

"The truth is that a civilisation collapses when that essential reverence for absolute values which religion gives disappears. Rome had discovered that in the days of her decadence. Men live on the accumulated Faith of the past as well as on its accumulated self-discipline. Overthrow these and nothing seems missing at first, a few sexual taboos, a little of the prejudice of a Cato, a few rhapsodical impulses—comprehensible we are told only in the literature of folklore—these have gone by the board. But something has gone as well, the mortar which held society together, the integrity of the individual soul; then the rats come out of their holes and begin burrowing under the foundations and there is nothing to withstand them."

Sir Arnold's debunking of the Bloomsbury Group is as effective as anything that Lytton Strachey, one of its leading figures, produced, with the additional merit that, unlike Lytton Strachey, Sir Arnold does not tell lies! In his chapter on "Bloomsbury and other Inter-War Trends," Sir Arnold dissects Bloomsbury with the dispassionate skill of a surgeon and Lytton Strachey comes in for the harshest treatment.

Mr. Clive Bell, on the other hand, in "Old Friends" (Chatto and Windus; 21s.), writes of him with affectionate appreciation. Virtually all the old friends in Mr. Bell's autobiographical reminiscences belong to the Bloomsbury Group, and range from Walter Sickert, probably the most agreeable of that group, to Maynard Keynes, who was, I suppose, probably the greatest intellectual snob of our time. Mr. Bell, who writes as pleasingly as he talks, defends his Bloomsbury friends with vigour, maintaining that they had "precious little in common" except their "contempt for conventional morals." Nobody minds a sinner, but the *trahison des clercs* of the Bloomsbury Group was that they erected their sins into a philosophy of life. As Mr. Douglas Jerrold once said, they were typical "of a generation which, having nothing more significant to express, insisted on expressing themselves." Nevertheless, Mr. Bell has written an attractive period piece.

Another autobiographical book which has given me great pleasure is "Still the Joy of it," by Littleton C. Powys (Macdonald; 25s.). Littleton Powys comes of a famous literary family, and the book is excellently constructed. He includes in it the letters from his second wife, Elisabeth Myers, the novelist, which are some of the most delightful and moving love-letters I have ever read. There is nothing pretentious about this book, but its gentle charm is highly attractive.

It is amusing to reflect that the most exclusive West End clubs originated from the coffee-houses which, when they were founded first, were regarded as inexpensive meeting places for seventeenth-century left-wingers. Mr. Aytoun Ellis, in "The Penny Universities" (Secker and Warburg; 30s.), traces the history of the coffee-houses from the time when the first coffee-house was established—not in London, but in Oxford in the seventeenth century, through their florescence (it was estimated that there were more than 2000 coffee-houses in London by the end of the century) to their decline in the eighteenth century. Isaac Disraeli, Benjamin Disraeli's father, has said that: "The history of the coffee-houses, ere the invention of Clubs, was that of the manners, the morals, and the politics of a people." At the period of their greatest popularity, the coffee-houses were the meeting places of the leaders of the nation. Mr. Ellis has produced a learned description of the coffee-houses—but, happily, he wears that learning lightly. E. D. O'BRIEN.

K. JOHN.



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## Winter Wisdom

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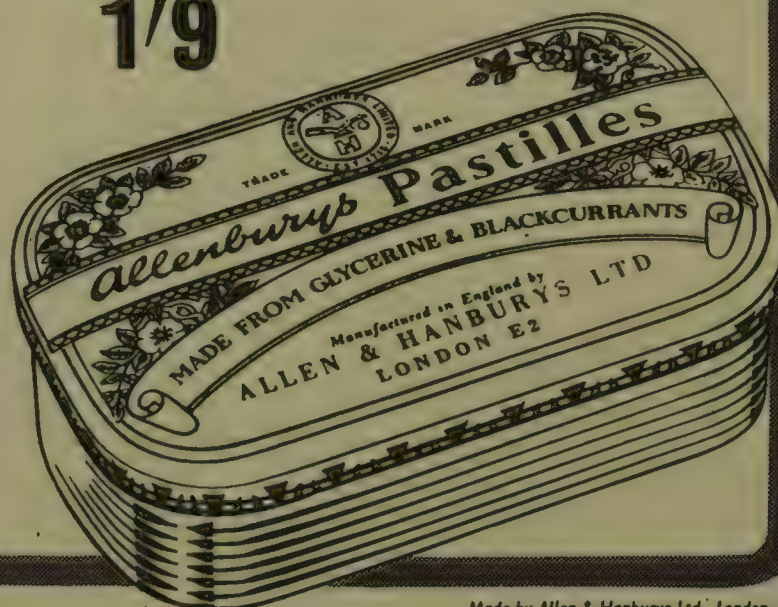
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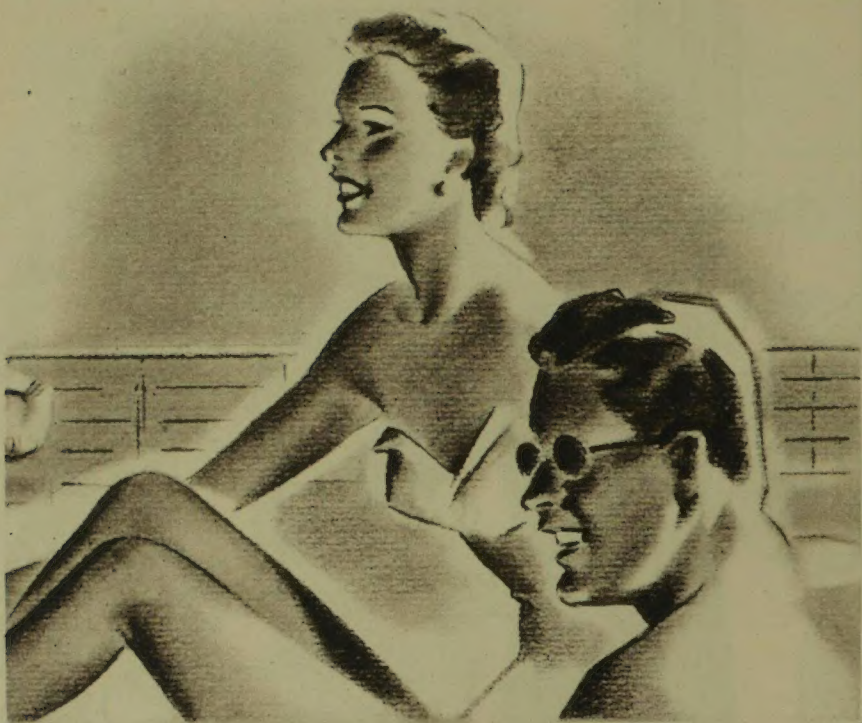
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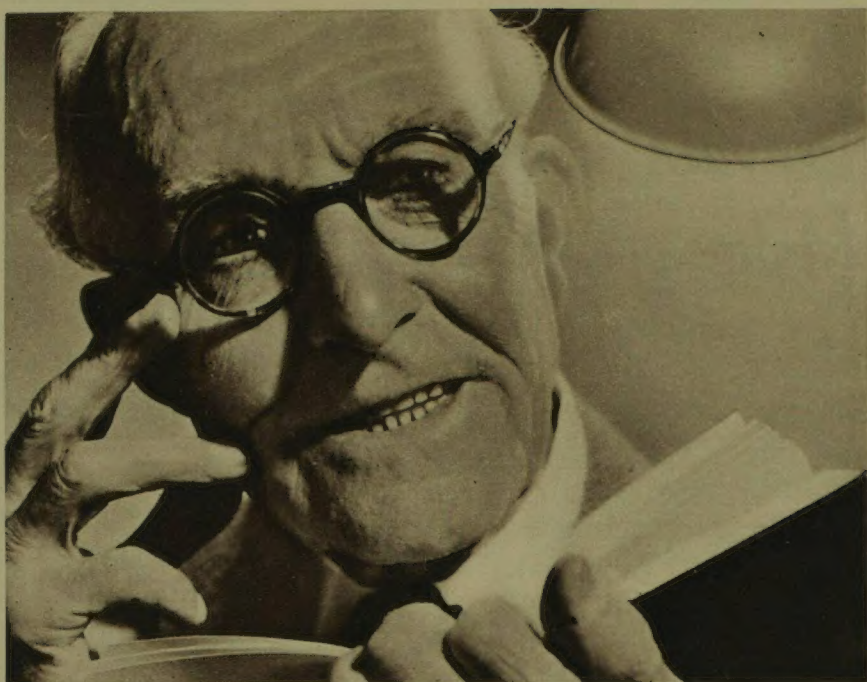
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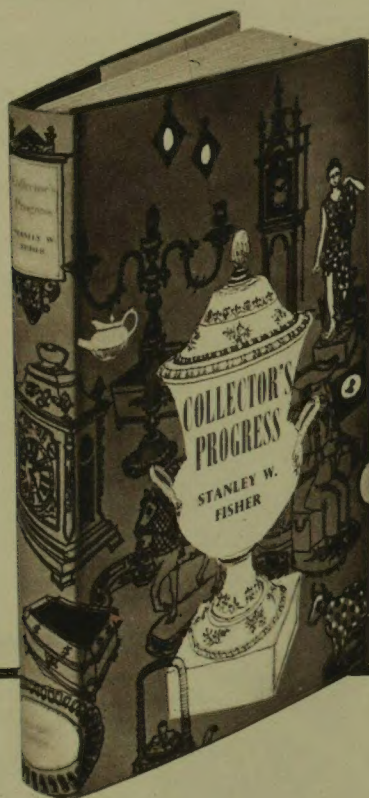
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